

READINGS
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RECITATIONS



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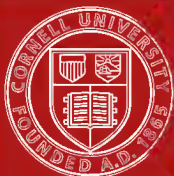
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Choice readings and recitations /



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CHOICE
READINGS ^{AND} RECITATIONS,

SELECTED AND ARRANGED BY

J. M. PAUL,

PROFESSOR OF ELOCUTION IN THE UNIVERSITY OF DESERET.

PRINTED AT THE
JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR OFFICE,
SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.

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PREFACE.

THIS little book was originally prepared for use in the editor's classes in elocution, but selections have been included that adapt it to a variety of popular taste. The compiler has aimed to furnish a large number of new pieces that are all specially adapted to be used as readings and recitations. Advantage has been taken of the exhaustion of the first edition, to omit a few of the former pieces, to insert several new ones, and to add a brief appendix. Harper & Brothers and Houghton, Mifflin & Co. have kindly permitted the use of pieces protected by copyright.

The editor hopes the revised volume will continue to merit the approval of teachers. It is the intention to follow this book as soon as possible with a book of readings and recitations for younger pupils.

J. H. P.

May 10th, 1890.

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Readings and Recitations.

GOOD READING.

THERE is one accomplishment, in particular, which I would earnestly recommend to you. Cultivate assiduously the ability to read well. I stop to particularize this, because it is a thing so very much neglected, and because it is so elegant, charming, and lady-like an accomplishment. Where one person is really interested by music, twenty are really pleased by good reading. Where one person is capable of becoming a skillful musician, twenty may become good readers. Where there is one occasion suitable for the exercise of musical talent, there are twenty for that of good reading.

The culture of the voice necessary for reading well, gives a delightful charm to the same voice in conversation. Good reading is the natural exponent and vehicle of all good things. It is the most effective of all commentaries upon the works of genius. It seems to bring dead authors to life again, and makes us sit down familiarly with the great and good of all ages.

Did you ever notice what life and power the Holy Scriptures have when well read? Have you ever heard of the wonderful effects produced by Elizabeth Fry on the criminals of Newgate, by simply reading to them the parable of the Prodigal Son? Princes and peers of the realm, it is said, counted it a privilege to stand in the dismal corridors, among felons and murderers, merely to share with them the privilege of witnessing the marvelous pathos which genius, taste and culture could infuse into that simple story.

✓ What a fascination there is in really good reading! What a power it gives one! In the hospital, in the chamber of the invalid, in the nursery, in the domestic and in the social circle, among chosen friends and companions, how it enables you to minister to the amusement, the comfort, the pleasure, of dear ones, as no other art or accomplishment can. No instrument of man's devis-

ing can reach the heart as does that most wonderful instrument, the human voice. It is God's special gift and endowment to his chosen creatures. Fold it not away in a napkin.

If you would double the value of all your other acquisitions, if you would add immeasurably to your own enjoyment and to your power of promoting the enjoyment of others, cultivate, with incessant care, this divine gift. No music below the skies is equal to that of pure, silvery speech from the lips of a man or woman of high culture.

JOHN S. HART.

FARMER JOHN.

HOME from his journey, Farmer John
Arrived this morning, safe and sound ;
His black coat off, and his old clothes on,—
“ Now I'm myself,” said Farmer John ;
And he thinks, “ I'll look around.”
Up leaps the dog : “ Get down, you pup !
Are you so glad you would eat me up ? ”
The old cow lows at the gate to greet him ;
The horses prick up their ears to meet him.
“ Well, well, old Bay !
Ha, ha, old Gray !
Do you get good feed when I'm away ?

“ You haven't a rib,” says Farmer John ;
“ The cattle are looking round and sleek ;
The colt is going to be a roan,
And a beauty, too ; how he has grown !
We'll wean the calf next week.”
Says Farmer John, “ When I've been off,
To call you again about the trough,
And watch you and pet you while you drink,
Is a greater comfort than you can think ! ”

And he pats old Bay,
And he slaps old Gray ;
“ Ah, this is the comfort of going away !

“ For, after all,” says Farmer John,
“ The best of a journey is getting home !
I’ve seen great sights, but I would not give
This spot, and the peaceful life I live,
For all their Paris and Rome :
These hills, for the city’s stifled air,
And big hotels all bustle and glare ;
Land all houses, and roads all stones,
That deafen your ears, and batter your bones !
Would you, old Bay ?
Would you, old Gray ?
That’s what one gets by going away !

“ There Money is king,” says Farmer John ;
“ And Fashion is queen ; and it’s mighty queer
To see how, sometimes, while the man
Is raking and scraping all he can,
The wife spends, every year,
Enough, you would think, for a score of wives,
To keep them in luxury all their lives !
The town is a perfect Babylon
To a quiet chap,” says Farmer John,
“ You see, old Bay,
You see, old Gray,
I’m wiser than when I went away.

“ I’ve found out this,” says Farmer John,
“ That happiness is not bought and sold,
And clutched in a life of waste and hurry,
In nights of pleasure and days of worry ;
And wealth isn’t all in gold,
Mortgage and stocks, and ten per cent,
But in simple ways and sweet content,
Few wants, pure hopes, and noble ends,
Some land to till, and a few good friends,

Like you, old Bay,
 And you, old Gray,—
 That's what I've learned by going away,"

And a happy man is Farmer John,—
 O, a rich and happy man is he !
 He sees the peas and pumpkins growing,
 The corn in tassel, the buckwheat blowing,
 And fruit on vine and tree ;
 The large, kind oxen look their thanks,
 As he rubs their foreheads and strokes their flanks ;
 The doves light round him, and strut and coo :
 Says Farmer John, " I'll take you, too,—
 And you, old Bay,
 And you, old Gray,
 Next time I travel so far away."

J. T. TROWBRIDGE.

KENTUCKY BELLE.

SUMMER of 'sixty-three, sir, and Conrad was gone away—
 Gone to the county-town, sir, to sell our first load of hay—
 We lived 'n the log house yonder, poor as ever you've seen ;
 Roschen there was a baby, and I was only nineteen.

Conrad, he took the oxen, but he left Kentucky Belle.
 How much we thought of Kentuck, I couldn't begin to tell—
 Came from the Blue-Grass country ; my father gave her to me
 When I rode forth with Conrad, away from the Tennessee.

Conrad lived in Ohio—a German he is, you know—
 The house stood in broad corn-fields, stretching on, row after row.
 The old folks made me welcome ; they were as kind as kind could
 be ;
 But I kept longing, longing, for the hills of the Tennessee.

Oh! for a sight of water, the shadowed slope of a hill!
Clouds that hang on the summit, a wind that never is still!
But the level land went stretching away to meet the sky—
Never a rise, from north to south, to rest the weary eye!

From east to west, no river to shine out under the moon,
Nothing to make a shadow in the yellow afternoon:
Only the breathless sunshine, as I looked out, all forlorn;
Only the rustle, rustle, as I walked among the corn.

When I fell sick with pining, we didn't wait any more,
But moved away from the corn-lands, out to this river shore—
The Tuscarawas it's called, sir—off there's a hill, you see—
And now I've grown to like it next best to the Tennessee.

I was at work that morning. Some one came riding like mad
Over the bridge and up the road—Farmer Rouf's little lad.
Bareback he rode; he had no hat; he hardly stopped to say,
"Morgan's men are coming, Frau; they're galloping on this way.

"I'm sent to warn the neighbors. He isn't a mile behind;
He sweeps up all the horses—every horse that he can find,
Morgan, Morgan the raider, and Morgan's terrible men,
With bowie-knives and pistols, are galloping up the glen!"

The lad rode down the valley, and I stood still at the door;
The baby laughed and prattled, playing with spools on the floor:
Kentuck was out in the pasture; Conrad, my man was gone.
Nearer, nearer, Morgan's men were galloping, galloping on!

Sudden I picked up baby, and ran to the pasture bar.
"Kentuck!" I called—"Kentucky!" She knew me ever so far!
I led her down the gully that turns off there to the right,
And tied her to the bushes; her head was just out of sight.

As I ran back to the log house, at once there came a sound—
The ring of hoofs, galloping hoofs, trembling over the ground—
Coming into the turnpike out from the White Woman Glen—
Morgan, Morgan the raider, and Morgan's terrible men.

As near they drew and nearer, my heart beat fast in alarm ;
But still I stood in the door-way with baby on my arm.
They came ; they passed ; with spur and whip in haste they sped
along—

Morgan, Morgan the raider, and his band, six hundred strong.

Weary they looked and jaded, riding through night and day ;
Pushing on east to the river, many long miles away,
To the border strip where Virginia runs up into the west,
And fording the Upper Ohio before they could stop to rest.

On like the wind they hurried, and Morgan rode in advance ;
Bright were his eyes like live coals, as he gave me a sideways
glance ;

And I was just breathing freely, after my choking pain,
When the last one of the troopers suddenly drew his rein.

Frightened I was to death, sir ; I scarce dared look in his face,
As he asked for a drink of water, and glanced around the place.
I gave him a cup, and he smiled—'twas only a boy, you see ;
Faint and worn, with dim-blue eyes ; and he'd sailed on the Tenn-
essee.

Only sixteen he was, sir—a fond mother's only son—
Off and away with Morgan before his life had begun !
The damp drops stood on his temples ; drawn was the boyish
mouth ;
And I thought me of the mother waiting down in the South.

Oh ! pluck was he to the backbone, and clear grit through and
through ;
Boasted and bragged like a trooper ; but the big words wouldn't
do ;—
The boy was dying, sir, dying, as plain as plain could be,
Worn out by his ride with Morgan up from the Tennessee.

But when I told the laddie that I too was from the South,
Water came in his dim eyes, and quivers around his mouth.
“Do you know the Blue-Grass country ?” he wistful began to say ;
Then swayed like a willow-sapling, and fainted dead away.

I had him into the log house, and worked and brought him to ;
I fed him, and I coaxed him, as I thought his mother 'd do ;
And when the lad got better, and the noise in his head was gone,
Morgan's men were miles away, galloping, galloping on.

"Oh, I must go," he muttered ; "I must be up and away !
Morgan—Morgan is waiting for me ! Oh, what will Morgan say ?"
But I heard a sound of tramping and kept him back from the
door—
The ringing sound of horses' hoofs that I had heard before.

And on, on came the soldiers—the Michigan cavalry—
And fast they rode, and back they looked, galloping rapidly,—
They had followed hard on Morgan's track ; they had followed
day and night ;
But of Morgan and Morgan's raiders they had never caught a
sight.

A bold ride and a long ride ! but they were taken at last,
They almost reached the river by galloping hard and fast ;
But the boys in blue were upon them ere ever they gained the
ford,
And Morgan, Morgan the raider, laid down his terrible sword.

Well, I kept the boy till evening—kept him against his will—
But he was too weak to follow, and sat there pale and still.
When it was cool and dusky—you'll wonder to hear me tell—
But I stole down to the gully, and brought up Kentucky Belle.

I kissed the star on her forehead—my pretty gentle lass—
But I knew that she'd be happy back in the old Blue-Grass.
A suit of clothes of Conrad's, with all the money I had,
And Kentuck, pretty Kentuck, I gave to the worn-out lad.

I guided him to the southward as well as I knew how,
The boy rode off with many thanks, and many a backward bow ;
And then the glow it faded, and my heart began to swell,
As down the glen away she went, my lost Kentucky Belle !

When Conrad came in the evening, the moon was shining high ;
Baby and I were crying—I couldn't tell him why—
But a battered suit of rebel gray was hanging on the wall,
And a thin old horse, with drooping head, stood in Kentucky's
stall.

Well, he was kind, and never once said a hard word to me;
He knew I couldn't help it—'twas all for the Tennessee.
But, after the war was over, just think what came to pass—
A letter, sir; and the two were safe back in the old Blue-Grass.

The lad had got across the border, riding Kentucky Belle ;
And Kentuck she was thriving, and fat, and hearty, and well ;
He cared for her, and kept her, nor touched her with whip or
spur.
Ah ! we've had many horses since, but never a horse like her !

CONSTANCE F. WOOLSON.

THE DOOM OF CLAUDIUS AND CYNTHIA.

IT WAS in the mid-splendor of the reign of the Emperor Commodus. Especially desirous of being accounted the best swordsman and the most fearless gladiator in Rome, he still better enjoyed the reputation of being the incomparable archer. With a view to this, he had assiduously trained himself so as to be able, in various public places, to give startling exhibitions of his skill with the bow and arrows. No archer had ever been able to compete with him. This being true, it can well be understood how Claudius, by publicly boasting that he was a better archer than Commodus, had brought upon himself the calamity of a public execution. Claudius and his bride had been arrested together at their nuptial feast and dragged to separate dungeons to await the emperor's will.

The rumor was abroad in Rome that on a certain night a most startling scene would be enacted in the Circus. That the sight

would be blood-curdling in the last degree was taken by every one for granted. Emissaries of Commodus had industriously sown about the streets hints too vague to take definite form, calculated to arouse great interest. The result was that on the night in question, the vast building was crowded at an early hour.

All the seats were filled with people eager to witness some harrowing scene of death. Commodus himself, surrounded by a great number of his favorites, sat on a high richly-cushioned throne prepared for him about midway one side of the vast inclosure. All was still, as if the multitude were breathless with expectancy. Presently, out from one of the openings a young man and a young woman—a mere girl—their hands bound behind them, were led forth upon the sand of the arena and forced to walk around the entire circumference of the place.

The youth was tall and nobly beautiful, a very Hercules in form, an Apollo in grace and charm of movement. The girl was *petite* and lovely beyond compare. His hair was blue-black and crisp, and a young, soft beard curled over his cheek and lips. Her hair was pure gold, falling to her feet and trailing behind her as she walked. His eyes were dark and proud; hers grey and deep as those of a goddess. Both were nude, excepting a short kirtle reaching to near the knee. They seemed to move half unconscious of their surroundings, all bewildered and dazzled by the situation.

At length the giant circuit was completed and the two were left standing on the sand, distant about one hundred and twenty feet from the emperor, who now arose and in a loud voice said :

“Behold the condemned Claudius and Cynthia, whom he lately took for his wife. They are condemned to death for the great folly of Claudius, that the Roman people may know that Commodus reigns supreme. The crime for which they are to die is a great one. Claudius has publicly proclaimed that he is a better archer than I, Commodus, am. I am the emperor and the incomparable archer of Rome. Whoever disputes it, dies, and his wife dies with him. It is decreed.”

But it was enough to touch the heart of even a Roman to see the tender innocence of that fair girl's face as she turned it up in speechless, tearless, appealing grief and anguish to her husband's. Her pure bosom heaved and quivered with the awful terror generated within. The youth, erect and powerful, set his thin lips

firmly and kept his eyes looking straight out before him. Among the on-lookers many knew him as a trained athlete, and especially as an almost unerring archer. They knew him, too, as a brave soldier, a true friend, an honorable citizen. Little time remained for such reflections as naturally might have arisen, for immediately a large cage, containing two fiery-eyed and famished tigers, was brought into the Circus and placed before the victims. The hungry beasts were excited to madness by the smell of flesh and blood smeared on the bars of the cage for that purpose. They growled and howled, lapping their fiery tongues and plunging against the door.

The girl leaned her head against the naked breast of her lover and uttered a thin, short wail. His eyes did not change their firm stare, but the mighty muscles of his arms rolled up and quivered as he strained at the thongs in an effort to burst them, and his lips writhed into each other. He was beginning to realize that death was near him—and ah, near her! If only his hands were free, and his good sword within reach, how joyfully he would battle for her against all the tigers in the world! But this certain death, how could he bear it? These beasts to munch her tender body and delicate limbs!—her true heart to quiver in their fangs! How supremely bitter a thing to helplessly contemplate! And she,—the trembling lily by his side,—she thought only of him, as the man who kept the beasts began from his safe place on the high cage to unfasten the door and thus to let loose Death. Four long bounds of those agile monsters would bear them to the victims. Slowly the iron bolts were withdrawn and the door swung around. Nothing but thin air lay between the hungry red mouths and the nude, defenceless bodies. For some moments the tigers did not move, excepting that they seemed rather to writhe crouchingly backward instead of advancing, as if shrinking from the devilish deed they were appointed to accomplish. There was no shrinking in their blood-shot eyes, however, and their slight recoil was but to gather themselves for the rush to the feast.

A murmur ran all round that vast ellipse—a murmur of remonstrance and disgust, for now every one saw that the spectacle was to be a foul murder without even the shadow of a struggle. The alert eyes of Commodus were bent on the crouching beasts. At the same time he noted well the restlessness and disappointment of

the people. He understood his subjects and knew how to excite them. He was preparing to do a deed by which he hoped to elicit great applause. His triumph came like a thunderbolt, and in a twinkling all was changed.

The limbs of the poor girl had begun to give way under her and she was slowly sinking to the ground. This seemed greatly to affect the man, who, without lowering his fixed eyes, tried to support her with his body. Despite his efforts she slid down and lay in a helpless heap at his feet. The lines on his manly face deepened and a slight ashy pallor flickered on his brow and eyelids. But he did not tremble. He stood like a statue of Hercules.

Then a sound came from the cage which no words can ever describe,—the hungry howl, and clashing teeth, the hissing breath of the tigers along with a sharp clang of the iron bars spurned by their rushing feet. The Circus fairly shook with the plunge of Death toward its victims.

Suddenly, in this last moment, the maiden, by a great effort, writhed to her feet and covered the youth's body with her own. Such love! It should have sweetened death for that young man. How white his face grows! How his eyes flame, immovably fixed upon the coming demons! Now, look at the bounding, flaming-eyed tigers! See how one leads the other in the awful race to the feast! The girl is nearer than the man. She will feel the claws and the fangs first. How wide these red frothy mouths gape! How the red tongues loll! The sand flies up in a cloud from the armed feet of the leaping brutes.

There came from the place where Commodus stood, a clear musical note such as might have come from the gravest chord of a lyre if powerfully stricken, closely followed by a keen, far-reaching hiss, like a whisper of fate, ending in a heavy blow. The multitude caught breath and stared. The foremost tiger, while yet in mid-air, curled itself up with a gurgling cry of utter pain, and with the blood gushing from its eyes, ears and mouth, fell heavily down dying. Again the sweet, insinuating twang, the hiss and the stroke. The second beast fell dead or dying upon the first. This explained all. The emperor had demonstrated his right to be called the Royal Bowman of the World.

For the first time during the ordeal the youth's eyes moved.

The girl, whose back was turned toward the beasts, was still waiting for the crushing horror of their assault.

A soldier, as directed now approached the twain, and, seizing an arm of each, led them some paces further away from the emperor, where he stationed them facing each other and with their sides to Commodus, who was preparing to shoot again. Before drawing his bow, however, he cried aloud:

"Behold! Commodus will pierce the center of the ear of each!"

Commodus drew his bow with tremendous power, fetching the cord back to his breast, where for a moment it was held without the faintest quiver of a muscle. His eyes were fixed, and cold as steel. The polished broad head of the arrow shone like a diamond. One would have thought that the breathing of a breath could have been heard across the Circus.

While yet the pink flush burned on the delicate ear of the girl, and while the hush of the Circus deepened infinitely, out rang the low note of the great weapon's recoil. The arrow fairly shrieked through the air, so swift was its flight.

The girl, filled with ineffable pain, flung up her white arms, the rent thongs flying away in the paroxysms of her final struggle. The arrow struck in the sand beyond. Something like a divine smile flashed across her face. Again the bow-string rang and the arrow leaped away to its thrilling work.

What a surge the youth made! It was as if Death had charged him with omnipotence for the second. The cord leaped from his wrists—he clasped the falling girl in his embrace. All eyes saw the arrow hurtling along the sand, after its mission was done. A suppressed moan from a multitude of lips filled the calm air of the Circus.

Locked for one brief moment in each other's arms, the quivering victims waived on their feet, then sank down upon the ground. Commodus stood like Fate, leaning forward to note the perfectness of his execution. His eyes blazed with the eager, heartless fire of triumph.

The two tigers lay in their blood where they had fallen, each with a broad-headed arrow through the spinal chord, at the point of its juncture with the brain. The emperor's aim had been absolutely accurate. Instant paralysis and quick death had followed his shots.

But the crowning event of the occasion was revealed at last.

Pale and wild-eyed, their faces pinched and shriveled, the youth and the maid started, with painful totterings and weak clutchings at the air, and writhed to their feet where they stood staring at each other in a way to chill the blood of any observer. Then, as if attacked by some irresistible fascination, they turned their mute, sunken faces toward Commodus. What a look! Why did it not freeze him dead where he stood?

"Lead them out and set them free!" cried the emperor, in a loud, heartless voice. "Lead them out, and tell it everywhere that Commodus is the Incomparable Bowman!"

And then, when all at once it was discovered that he had not hurt the lovers, but had merely cut in two with his arrows the cords that bound their wrists, a great stir began, and out from a myriad overjoyed and admiring hearts leaped a storm of thanks, while with clash and bray of musical instruments, and with voices like the sound of winds and seas, and with a clapping of hands like the rending roar of tempests, the vast audience arose as one person and applauded the emperor!

MAURICE THOMPSON.

THE RIDE OF JENNIE M'NEAL.

PAUL REVERE was a rider bold—
Well has his valorous deed been told;
Sheridan's ride was a glorious one—
Often it has been dwelt upon;
But why should men do all the deeds
On which the love of a patriot feeds?
Harken to me, while I reveal
The dashing ride of Jennie M'Neal.
On a spot as pretty as might be found
In the dangerous length of the Neutral Ground,
In a cottage, cozy, and all their own,
She and her mother lived alone.

Safe were the two, with their frugal store,
From all the many who passed their door ;
For Jennie's mother was strange to fears,
And Jennie was large for fifteen years ;
With vim her eyes were glistening,
Her hair was the hue of a blackbird's wing ;
And while the friends who knew her well
The sweetness of her heart could tell,
A gun that hung on the kitchen wall
Looked solemnly quick to heed her call ;
And they who were evil-minded knew
Her nerve was strong and her aim was true,
So all kind words and acts did deal
To generous, blacked-eyed Jennie M'Neal.

One night, when the sun had crept to bed,
And rain-clouds lingered overhead,
And sent their surly drops for proof
To drum a tune on the cottage roof,
Close after a knock at the outer door
There entered a dozen dragoons or more.
Their red coats, stained by the muddy road,
That they were British soldiers showed ;
The captain his hostess bent to greet,
Saying, " Madam, please give us a bit to eat ;
We will pay you well, and, it may be,
This bright-eyed girl for pouring our tea ;
Then we must dash ten miles ahead,
To catch a rebel colonel abed.
He is visiting home, as doth appear ;
We will make his pleasure cost him dear."'
And they fell on the hasty supper with zeal,
Close-watched the while by Jennie M'Neal.

For the gray-haired colonel they hovered near,
Had been her true friend, kind and dear ;
And oft, in her younger days, had he
Right proudly perched her upon his knee,
And told her stories many a one
Concerning the French war lately done.

And oft together the two friends were,
 And many the arts he had taught to her ;
 She had hunted by his fatherly side,
 He had shown her how to fence and ride ;
 And once had said, " The time may be,
 Your skill and courage may stand by me."'
 So sorrow for him she could but feel,
 Brave, grateful-hearted Jennie M'Neal.

With never a thought or a moment more,
 Bare-headed she slipped from the cottage door,
 Ran out where the horses were left to feed,
 Unhitched and mounted the captain's steed,
 And down the hilly and rock-strewn way
 She urged the fiery horse of gray ;
 Around her slender and cloakless form
 Pattered and moaned the ceaseless storm ;
 Secure and tight a gloveless hand
 Grasped the reins with stern command ;
 And full of black her long hair streamed,
 Whenever the ragged lightning gleamed,
 And on she rushed for the colonel's weal,
 Brave, lioness-hearted Jennie M'Neal.

Hark ! from the hills, a moment mute,
 Came a clatter of hoofs in hot pursuit ;
 And a cry from the foremost trooper said,
 " Halt ! or your blood be on your head !"
 She heeded it not, and not in vain
 She lashed the horse with the bridle-rein.
 So into the night the gray horse strode ;
 His shoes hewed fire from the rocky road ;
 And the high born courage that never dies
 Flashed from his rider's coal-black eyes.
 The pebbles flew from the fearful race ;
 The rain-drops grasped at her glowing face,
 " On, on, brave beast !" with loud appeal,
 Cried eager, resolute Jennie M'Neil.

“Halt !” once more came the voice of dread ;
“Halt ! or your blood be on your head !”
Then, no one answering to the calls,
Sped after her a volley of balls.
They passed her in her rapid flight,
They screamed to her left, they screamed to her right,
But, rushing still o’er the slippery track,
She sent no token of answer back,
Except a silvery laughter-peal,
Brave, merry-hearted Jennie M’Neal.

So on she rushed, at her own good will,
Through wood and valley, o’er plain and hill,
The gray horse did his duty well,
Till all at once he stumbled and fell,
Himself escaping the nets of harm,
But flinging the girl with a broken arm.
Still undismayed by the numbing pain,
She clung to the horse’s bridle-rein,
And gently bidding him to stand,
Petted him with her able hand ;
Then sprung again to the saddle-bow,
And shouted, “One more trial now !”
As if ashamed of the heedless fall,
He gathered his strength once more for all,
And, galloping down a hill-side steep,
Gained on the troopers at every leap ;
No more the high-bred steed did reel,
But ran his best for Jennie M’Neal.

They were a furlong behind or more,
When the girl burst through the colonel’s door,
Her poor arm helpless, hanging with pain,
And she all drabbled and drenched with rain,
But her cheeks as red as fire-brands are,
And her eyes as bright as a blazing star,
And shouted, “Quick ! be quick, I say !
They come ! they come ! Away ! away !”
Then sank on the rude, white floor of deal,
Poor, brave, exhausted Jennie M’Neal.

The startled colonel sprung, and pressed
 The wife and children to his breast,
 And turned away from his fireside bright,
 And glided into the stormy night;
 Then soon and safely made his way
 To where the patriot army lay.
 But first he bent in the dim fire-light,
 And kissed the forehead broad and white,
 And blessed the girl who had ridden so well
 To keep him out of a prison cell.
 The girl roused up at the martial din,
 Just as the troopers came rushing in,
 And laughed e'en in the midst of a moan,
 Saying, "Good sirs, your bird has flown.
 'Tis I who have scared him from his nest;
 So deal with me now as you think best."
 But the grand young captain bowed, and said,
 "Never you hold a moment's dread.
 Of womankind I must crown you queen;
 So brave a girl I have never seen.
 Wear this gold ring as your valor's due;
 And when peace comes, I will come for you."
 But Jennie's face an arch smile wore,
 As she said, "There's a lad in Putnam's corps,
 Who told me the same long time ago;
 You two would never agree, I know.
 I promised my love to be true as steel,"
 Said good, sure-hearted Jennie M'Neal.

WILL CARLETON.

THE BOOK CANVASSER.

HE CAME into my office with a portfolio under his arm. Placing it upon the table, removing a ruined hat, and wiping his nose upon a ragged handkerchief that had been so long out of the wash that it was positively gloomy, he said: "Mr, —, I'm can-

vassing for the National Portrait Gallery; splendid work; comes in numbers, fifty cents apiece; contains pictures of all the great American heroes from the earliest times down to the present day. Everybody subscribing for it, and I want to see if I can't take *your* name.

"Now, just cast your eyes over that," he said, opening his book and pointing to an engraving. "That's— lemme see—yes, that's Columbus, perhaps you've heard sumfin' about him? The publisher was telling me to-day before I started out that he discovered—No; was it Columbus that dis— Oh! yes. Columbus he discovered America—was the first man here. He came over in a ship the publisher said, and it took fire, and he stayed on deck because his father told him to, if I remember right, and when the old thing busted to pieces he was killed. Handsome picture, aint it? Taken from a photograph, all of 'em are; done especially for this work. His clothes are kinder odd, but they say that's the way they dressed in them days. Look at this one. Now isn't that splendid? William Penn, one of the early settlers. I was reading t'other day about him. When he first arrived he got a lot of Indians up a tree, and when they shook some apples down, he set one on top of his son's head, and shot an arrow plump through it and never fazed him. They say it struck them Indians cold; he was such a terrific shooter. Fine countenance, hasn't he? Face shaved clean; he didn't wear a moustache, I believe, but he seems to have let himself out on hair. Now, my view is, that *every* man ought to have a picture of *that* Patriarch so's to see how the fust settlers looked and what kind of weskets they yoused to wear. See his legs, too! Trousers a little short maybe, as if he was going to wade in a creek; but he's all there. Got some kind of a paper in his hand, I see. Subscription list, I reckon. Now, how does *that* strike you? *There's* something *nice*. That I think, is—is—that a—a—yes, to be sure, Washington—you recollect *him*, of course? Some people call him Father of his Country, George—Washington. Had no middle name, I believe. He lived about two hundred years ago and he was a fighter. I heard the publisher telling a man about him crossing the Delaware River up yer at Trenton, and seems to me, if I recollect right, I've read about it myself. He was court-ing some girl on the Jersey side, and he used to swim over at nights to see her when the old man was asleep. The girl's family

were down on him, I reckon. He looks like a man to do that, don't he. He's got it in his eye. If it'd been me I'd gone over on a bridge, but he probably wanted to *show off* afore her; some men are so *reckless* you know. Now, if you'll conclude to take this I'll get the publisher to write out some more stories about him, and bring 'em round to you, so's you can study up on him. I know he did ever so many other things, but I've forgot 'em; my memory's so awful poor.

"Less see! Who have we next? Ah, Franklin! Benjamin Franklin! He was one of the old *original* pioneers, I think. I disremember exactly what he is celebrated for, but I think it was a flying a—oh! yes, flying a kite, that's it. The publisher mentioned it. He was out one day flying a kite, you know, like boys do now-a-days, and while she was flickering up in the sky, and he was giving her more string, an apple fell off a tree, and hit him on the head;—then he discovered the attraction of gravitation, I think they call it. Smart, wasn't it? Now, if you or me'd a been hit, it'd just a made us mad like as not and set us a ravin'. But men are so different. One man's meat's another man's poison. See what a double chin he's got. No beard on him, either; though a goatce would have been becoming to such a round face. He hasn't got on a sword and I reckon he was no soldier;—fit some when he was a boy, maybe, or went out with the home-guard, but not a regular warrior. I aint one, myself, and I think all the better of him for it. Ah, here we are! Look at this! Smith and Pocahontas! John Smith! Isn't that gorgeous? See, how she kneels over him, and sticks out her hands while he lays on the ground, and that big fellow with a club tries to hammer him up. Talk about woman's love! There it is for you. Modocs, I believe. Anyway some Indians out West there, somewheres; and the publisher tells me that Captain Shackanasty, or whatever his name is there, was going to bang old Smith over the head with a log of wood, and this here girl she was sweet on Smith, it appears, and she broke loose, and jumped forward and says to the man with the stick, 'Why don't you let John alone? Me and him are going to marry, and if you kill him, I'll never speak to you as long as I live,' or words like them, and so the man he give it up, and both of them hunted up a preacher and were married and lived happy ever afterward. Beautiful story, isn't it? A good wife she made

him, too, I'll bet, if she was a little copper-colored. And don't she look just lovely in that picture? But Smith appears kinder sick, evidently thinks his goose is cooked, and I don't wonder, with that Modoc swooping down on him with such a discouraging club. And now we come to—to ha—to—Putnam—General Putnam :—he fought in the war, too ; and one day a lot of 'em caught him when he was off his guard, and they tied him flat on his back on a horse and then licked the horse like the very mischief. And what does that horse do but go pitching down about four hundred stone steps in front of the house, with General Putnam lying there nearly skeered to death. Leastways the publisher said somehow that way, and I onct read about it myself. But he came out safe, and I reckon sold the horse and made a pretty good thing of it. What surprises me is, he didn't break his neck, but maybe it was a mule, for they're pretty sure footed, you know. Surprising what some of these men have gone through, aint it? Turn over a couple of leaves. That's General Jackson. My father shook hands with him once. He was a fighter, I know. He fit down in New Orleans. Broke up the rebel Legislature, and then when the Ku Kluxes got after him he fought 'em behind cotton breast-works and licked 'em 'til they couldn't stand. They say he was terrific when he got real mad. Hit straight from the shoulder and fetched his man every time. Andrew, his fust name was ; and look how his hair stands up. And then, here's John Adams and Daniel Boone and two or three pirates, and a whole lot more pictures, so you see it's cheap as dirt. Lemme have your name, won't you?"

MAX ADELER.

OUR TRAVELED PARSON.

I.

FOR twenty years and over our good parson had been toiling
To chip the bad meat from our hearts, and keep the good from
spoiling ;
But finally he wilted down, and went to looking sickly,
And the doctor said that something must be put up for him
quickly.

So we kind of clubbed together, each according to his notion,
And bought a circular ticket in the lands across the ocean ;
Wrapped some pocket money in it—what we thought would easy
do him—
And appointed me committee-man to go and take it to him.

I found him in his study, looking rather worse than ever,
And told him 't was decided that his flock and he should sever,
Then his eyes grew wide with wonder, and it seemed almost to
blind 'em ;
And some tears looked out o' window, with some others close
behind 'em.

Then I handed him the ticket, with a little bow of deference,
And he studied quite a little ere he got its proper reference ;
And then the tears that waited, great unmanageable creatures,
Let themselves quite out o' window, and came climbing down his
features.

II.

I wish you could ha' seen him, coming back all fresh and glowing,
His clothes so worn and seedy, and his face so fat and knowing ;
I wish you could have heard him when he prayed for us who sent
him,
And paid us back twice over all the money we had lent him.

'Twas a feast to all believers, 'twas a blight on contradiction,
To hear one just from Calvary talk about the crucifixion ;
'Twas a damper on those fellows who pretended they could doubt
it,
To have a man who'd been there, stand and tell them all about it.

And every foot of Scripture, whose location used to stump us
Was now regularly laid out, with the different points of compass.
When he undertook a picture, he quite natural would draw it ;
He would paint it out so honest that it seemed as if you saw it.
And the way he chiseled Europe—oh, the way he scampered
through it !
Not a mountain dodged his climbing, not a city but he knew it ;

There wasn't any subject to explain in all creation,
But he could go to Europe and bring back an illustration

So we crowded out to hear him, much instructed and delighted ;
'Twas a picture-show, a lecture, and a sermon, all united ;
And my wife would wipe her glasses, and serenely pet her Test'-
ment,
And whisper, " That ere ticket was a very good investment."

III.

Now after six months' travel we were most of us all ready
To settle down a little, so's to live more staid and steady ;
To develop home resources, with no foreign cares to fret us.
Using home-made faith more frequent ; but the parson wouldn't
let us.

To view the self-same scenery time and time again he'd call us,
Over rivers, plains, and mountains he would any minute haul us ;
He slighted our home sorrows, and our spirits' aches and ailings,
To get the cargoes ready for his reg'lar Sunday sailings.

He would take us off a-touring in all spiritual weather,
Till we at last got homesick like, and seasick altogether ;
And " I wish to all that's peaceful," said one free-expressed
brother,
" That the Lord had made one cont'nent, and then never made
another !"

Sometimes, indeed, he'd take us into sweet, familiar places,
And pull along quite steady in the good old gospel traces ;
But soon my wife would shudder, just as if a chill had got her,
Whispering, " Oh, my goodness gracious ! he's a-taking to the
water !"

And it wasn't the same old comfort when he called around to
see us ;
On a branch of foreign travel he was sure at last to tree us ;
All unconscious of his error, he would sweetly patronize us,
And with oft-repeated stories still endeavor to surprise us.

IV

And the sinners got to laughing; and that fin'ly galled and
 stung us
 To ask him, Would he kindly once more settle down among us?
 Didn't he think that more home-produce would improve our
 souls' digestions?
 They appointed me committee-man to go and ask the questions.

I found him in his garden, trim an' buoyant as a feather;
 He pressed my hand, exclaiming, "This is quite Italian weather;
 How it 'minds me of the evenings when, your distant hearts
 caressing,
 Upon my benefactors I invoked the heavenly blessing!"

V.

I went and told the brothers, "No, I can not bear to grieve
 him;
 He's so happy in his exile, it's the proper place to leave him.
 I took that journey to him, and right bitterly I rue it;
 But I can not take it from him: if you want to, go and do it."

Now a new restraint entirely seemed next Sunday to enfold him,
 And he looked so hurt and humbled that I knew some one had
 told him.

Subdued-like was his manner, and some tones were hardly vocal;
 But every word he uttered was pre-eminently local.

The sermon sounded awkward, and we awkward felt who heard it;
 'Twas a grief to see him hedge it, 'twas a pain to hear him
 word it;

"When I was in—" was, may-be, half a dozen times repeated,
 But that sentence seemed to scare him, and was always uncom-
 pleted;

As weeks went on, his old smile would occasionally brighten,
 But the voice was growing feeble and the face began to whiten;
 He would look off to the eastward with a listful, weary sighing,
 And 't was whispered that our pastor in a foreign land was dying.

VI.

The coffin lay 'mid garlands smiling sad as if they knew us ;
The patient face within it preached a final sermon to us :
Our parson had gone touring on a trip he'd long been earning ,
In that Wonder-land whence tickets are not issued for returning.

Oh, tender, good heart-shepherd ! your sweet smiling lips, half-
parted,
Told of scenery that burst on you just the minute that you started !
Could you preach once more among us, you might wander with-
out fearing ;
You could give us tales of glory we would never tire of hearing.

WILL CARLETON.

THE FAMINE.

O THE long and dreary winter !
O the cold and cruel winter !
Ever thicker, thicker, thicker,
Froze the ice on lake and river ;
Ever deeper, deeper, deeper,
Fell the snow o'er all the landscape,
Fell the covering snow, and drifted
Through the forest, round the village.
Hardly from his buried wigwam
Could the hunter force a passage ;
With his mittens and his snow-shoes
Vainly walk'd he through the forest,
Sought for bird or beast and found none,
Saw no track of deer or rabbit,
In the snow beheld no footprints,
In the ghastly, gleaming forest
Fell, and could not rise from weakness,
Perish'd there from cold and hunger.

Into Hiawatha's wigwam
 Came two gloomy guests in silence,
 Waited not to be invited,
 Did not parley at the doorway,
 Sat there without word of welcome
 In the seat of Laughing Water,
 Looked with haggard eyes and hollow
 At the face of Laughing Water ;
 And the foremost said : " Behold *me* !
 I am Famine. Bukadawin ! "
 And the other said : " Behold *me* !
 I am Fever Ahkosewin ! "
 And the lovely Minnehaha
 Shudder'd as they look'd upon her,
 Shudder'd at the words they utter'd,
 Lay down on her bed in silence,
 Hid her face, but made no answer ;
 Lay there trembling, freezing, burning
 At the looks they cast upon her,
 At the fearful words they utter'd.

Forth into the empty forest
 Rushed the maddn'd Hiawatha ;
 In his heart was deadly sorrow.
 In his face a stony firmness,
 On his brow the sweat of anguish
 Started, but it froze and fell not.
 Wrapp'd in furs and arm'd for hunting,
 With his mighty bow of ash-tree,
 With his quiver full of arrows,
 With his mittens, Minjekahwum,
 Into the vast and vacant forest
 On his snow-shoes strode he forward ;
 " Gitchie Manito, the Mighty ! "
 Cried he with his face uplifted
 In that bitter hour of anguish,
 " Give your children food, O Father !
 Give us food, or we must perish !
 Give me food for Minnehaha,

For my dying Minnehaha !”
But there came no other answer
Than the echo of his crying,
“ MINNEHAHA ! MINNEHAHA !
In the wigwam with Nokomis,
With those gloomy guests, that watch’d her,
With the Famine and the Fever,
She was lying, the beloved,
She the dying Minnehaha.
“ Hark !” she said, “ I hear a rushing,
Hear a roaring and a rushing
Hear the Falls of Minnehaha
Calling to me from a distance !”
“ No, my child !” said old Nokomis,
“ ’Tis the night-wind in the pine-trees !”
“ Look !” said she ; “ I see my father
Standing lonely at his doorway,
Beckoning to me from his wigwam
In the land of the Dacotahs !”
“ No, my child !” said old Nokomis,
“ ’Tis the smoke that waves and beckons !”

“ Ah !” she, said “ the eyes of Pauguk
Glare upon me in the darkness,
I can feel his icy fingers
Clasping mine amid the darkness !
Hiawatha ! Hiawatha !”
And hear the desolate Hiawatha
Far away amid the forest,
Miles away among the mountains,
Heard the sudden cry of anguish,
Heard the voice of Minnehaha
Calling to him in the darkness,
“ HIAWATHA ! HIAWATHA !”

Over snow-fields waste and pathless,
Under snow-encumber’d branches,
Homeward hurried Hiawatha,
Emty-handed, heavy-hearted,

Heard Nokomis moaning, wailing :
 " Wahonowin ! Wahonowin !
 Would that I had perish'd for you,
 Would that I were dead as you are !
 Wahonowin ! Wahonowin !"
 And he rush'd into the wigwam,
 Saw the old Nokomis slowly
 Rocking to and fro and moaning,
 Saw his lovely Minnehaha
 Lying dead and cold before him,
 And his bursting heart within him
 Utter'd such a cry of anguish,
 That the forest moan'd and shudder'd,
 That the very stars of heaven
 Shook and trembled with his anguish.

Then he sat down still and speechless,
 On the bed of Minnehaha,
 At the feet of Laughing Water,
 At those willing feet, that never
 More would lightly run to meet him,
 Never more would lightly follow.
 With both hands his face he cover'd,
 Seven long days and nights he sat there,
 As if in a swoon he sat there,
 Speechless, motionless, unconscious
 Of the daylight or the darkness.

Then they buried Minnehaha ;
 In the snow a grave they made her,
 In the forest deep and darksome,
 Underneath the moaning hemlocks ;
 Clothed her in her richest garments ;
 Wrapp'd her in her robes of ermine,
 Covered her with snow, like ermine :
 Thus they buried Minnehaha.
 And at night a fire was lighted,
 On her grave four times was kindled,

For her soul upon its journey
To the Islands of the Blessed.
From his doorway Hiawatha
Saw it burning in the forest,
Lighting up the gloomy hemlocks ;
From his sleepless bed uprising,
From the bed of Minnehaha.
Stood and watch'd it at the doorway,
That it might not be extinguish'd,
Might not leave her in the darkness.

“Farewell !” said he, “Minnehaha !
Farewell, O my Laughing Water !
All my heart is buried with you,
All my thoughts go onward with you !
Come not back again to labor,
Come not back again to suffer,
Where the Famine and the Fever
Wear the heart and waste the body.
Soon my task will be completed,
Soon your footsteps I shall follow
To the Islands of the Blessed,
To the Kingdom of Penemah,
To the Land of the Hereafter !”

H. W. LONGFELLOW.

GREATEST WALK ON RECORD.

BROTHER BELL, of the Colored Bethel congregation, at a recent prayer-meeting, took occasion, in the course of an exhortation upon the duties of life, to fire a passing shot at the walking-mania now so prevalent, and developed some facts in relation to pedestrian feats that seem hitherto to have escaped notice. He said :

“My beloved bredren and sisters, dar is one ting I'm bound to

say to you befo' I closes de exercizes dis nite, and dat is, don't you take no stock in dis yere walkin' bisnes. Let dem white tramps, men and wimmim, alone; don't you spen' your money or your precious time runnin' round arter dem; and for de Lord's sake, and your own, don't you try to make foo's ob yourselves by tryin' to do likewise. You men will find plenty ob exercise in 'tendin' to your work, an' you wimmim enuff to do ober your wash-tubs an' nussin' your babies, 'stead ob trampin' roun' an' roun' de sawdust, day on an' day off, jiss to please a passel ob fools, an' ruin your own helf.

"Besides, my b'loved frens, all de braggin' dat dey duz 'bout dere 'long walks,' 'long times,' an' what they calls 'fizzikal endoorinse,' ain't wuth shucks when you comes to compare dem wid one pufformance dat tuk place thousands ob years ago; an' de reason dey don't mention it is bekase none ob dese 'sportin'' folks eber reads dare Bibles. Well, I'll tell you what it wuz; an' it's de greatest 'sportin' match,' as dey calls it, dat eber come off on de face ob dis yearf. None ob your 'hippydrum' business heah. No, sah! No, sah! Fair heel an' toe walkin'—judges appinted, track measured, time kep' (accordin' to de Skripturs), an' a reckord made—yes, an' a reckrd dat can't be denied, 'cause here it is—yes, here it is, in dis precious Book!

"Now, jiss turn ober your Bibles, my frens, an' look at fift chapter ob Genesis, twenty-second vuss, an' what do you fine? Why, you fine dat 'Enoch—Enoch—walked—wid—God! (after he begatted Meefoosaly)—three hundred years!'—Three hundred years!! Dar was a walk for you! Jiss shut yo' eyes an' 'flect on it! Three hundred years!!! Besides, de reckord says dat when de ole man made dat match, an' had dat chile (who kep' on livin' until he was nine hundred an' sixty-nine years ole—monsus good stuff in dat family!)—I say, when de ole man made dat match, an' had dis chile, he wuz sixty-five years ob age, an' den walked three hundred years! Talk 'bout yo' 'fizzikal endoorinse' after dat! Talk 'bout yo' 'pluck' an' yo' 'grit' after dat! Why, de ole man has done laid out all ob dese nowadays blowers as flat as a dead shad! So much for dis 'straordinary pufformance;' but dat ain't all ob it. Dere's mo' yet.

"If you'll jiss look at de twenty-fourth vuss ob de same chapter, you will fine, my b'loved frens, what a orful warnin' is in dat vuss to po' foolish creturs who has de conceit to make sich ouekal

matches. Did any good cum ob de ole man Enoch's walk? Did he make anything outen it? No! No! He loss by it—loss eberyting by it—never 'peared in de ring agin—in fack, he 'went up.' Jiss read de vuss: 'An'—Enoch—walked—wid—God—an' he—was—not' (dat is, he warn't nowhar), 'for God tuck him.' 'God tuck him!' To be shuah, he tuck him! He was boun' to be tuck! He helt out a long time, de ole man did; he was game to de last; he was doin' his level best, but 'Ole Master' was too long in de stride, an' too sound in de wind for him, an' tuck him on de last roun'. Yes, my b'loved frends, an' he'll take anybody dat tries dat game on him, an' histe him higher'n a kite, jiss as he did Ole Boss Enoch. So take warnin' by dis orful lesson; let all dis kind of foolishness alone, an' tend to yo' proper callin's, like good Christshuns."

THE READING CLUB.



WHISTLING IN HEAVEN.



YOU'RE surprised that I ever should say so?
 Just wait till the reason I've given
 Why I say I shan't care for the music,
 Unless there is whistling in heaven.
 Then you'll think it no very great wonder,
 Nor so strange, nor so bold a conceit,
 That unless there's a boy there a whistling,
 Its music will not be complete.

It was late in the autumn of '40;
 We had come from our far Eastern home
 Just in season to build us a cabin,
 Ere the cold of the winter should come;
 And we lived all the while in our wagon
 That husband was clearing the place
 Where the house was to stand; and the clearing
 And building it took many days.

So that our heads were scarce sheltered
 In under its roof, when our store
 Of provisions was almost exhausted,
 And husband must journey for more ;
 And the nearest place where he could get them
 Was yet such a distance away,
 That it forced him from home to be absent
 At least a whole night and a day.

You see, we'd but two or three neighbors,
 And the nearest was more than a mile ;
 And we hadn't found time yet to know them,
 For we had been busy the while.
 And the man who had helped at the raising
 Just stayed till the job was well done ;
 And as soon as his money was paid him
 Had shouldered his ax and had gone.

Well, husband just kissed me and started—
 I could scarcely suppress a deep groan
 At the thought of remaining with baby
 So long in the house all alone ;
 For, my dear, I was childish and timid,
 And braver ones well might have feared,
 For the wild wolf was often heard howling,
 And savages sometimes appeared.

But I smothered my grief and my terror
 Till husband was off on his ride,
 And then in my arms I took Josey, .
 And all the day long sat and cried,
 As I thought of the long, dreary hours
 When the darkness of night should fall,
 And I was so utterly helpless,
 With no one in reach of my call.

And when the night came with its terrors,
 To hide ev'ry ray of light,
 I hung up a quilt by the window,
 And almost dead with affright,

I kneeled by the side of the cradle,
Scarce daring to draw a full breath,
Lest the baby should wake, and its crying
Should bring us a horrible death.

There I knelt until late in the evening,
And scarcely an inch had I stirred.
When suddenly, far in the distance,
A sound as of whistling I heard,
I started up dreadfully frightened,
For fear 'twas an Indian's call ;
And then very soon I remembered
The red man ne'er whistles at all.

And when I was sure 'twas a white man,
I thought, were he coming for ill,
He'd surely approach with more caution—
Would come without warning, and still.
Then the sounds, coming nearer and nearer,
Took the form of a tune light and gay,
And I knew I needn't fear evil
From one who could whistle that way.

Very soon I heard footsteps approaching,
Then came a peculiar dull thump,
As if some one was heavily striking
An ax in the top of a stump ;
And then, in another brief moment,
There came a light tap on the door,
When quickly I undid the fast'ning,
And in stepped a boy, and before

There was either a question or answer,
Or either had time to speak,
I just threw my glad arms around him,
And gave him a kiss on the cheek.
Then I started back, scared at my boldness,
But he only smiled at my fright,
As he said, " I'm your neighbor's boy, Elick,
Come to tarry with you through the night.

“ We saw your husband go eastward,
 And made up our minds where he'd gone,
 And I said to the rest of our people,
 ‘ That woman is there all alone,
 And I venture she's awfully lonesome,
 And though she may have no great fear,
 I think she would feel a bit safer
 If only a boy were but near. ’

“ So taking my ax on my shoulder,
 For fear that a savage might stray
 Across my path and need scalping,
 I started right down this way ;
 And coming in sight of the cabin,
 And thinking to save you alarm,
 I whistled a tune just to show you
 I didn't intend any harm.

“ And so here I am, at your service ;
 But if you don't want me to stay,
 Why, all you need do is to say so,
 And should'ring my ax, I'll away. ’’
 I dropped in a chair and near fainted,
 Just at thought of his leaving me then,
 And his eyes gave a knowing, bright twinkle
 As he said, “ I guess I'll remain. ’’

And then I just sat there and told him
 How terribly frightened I'd been,
 How his face was to me the most welcome
 Of any I ever had seen ;
 And then I lay down with the baby,
 And slept all the blessed night through,
 For I felt I was safe from all danger
 Near so brave a young fellow and true.

So now, my dear friends, do you wonder,
 Since such a good reason I've given,
 Why I say I shan't care for the music,
 Unless there is whistling in heaven ?

Yes, often I've said so in earnest,
And now what I've said I repeat,
That unless there's a boy there a-whistling,
Its music will not be complete.

Harper's Magazine.

BIRDS IN THE TREE-TOPS.

BIRDS in the tree-tops were singing—
It was the middle of June ;
Dolly sat dreamily swinging—
Coming was Somebody soon.

It was the middle of June ;
All the green leaves were a-flicker ;
Coming was somebody soon—
Surely, he might have come quicker !

All the green leaves were a-flicker,
Had they a glimpse of the gate ;
Surely he might have come quicker !
What could have made him so late ?

Had they a glimpse of the gate,
Roses, with bumble-bees humming—
What could have made him so late ?
Hark ! now a footstep was coming !

Roses, with bumble-bees humming—
Dolly swang on at her ease ;
Hark ! now a footstep was coming !
Could she be seen through the trees ?

Dolly swang on at her ease ;
 Forward and backward, half dreaming—
 Could she be seen through the trees,
 White in the walnut-boughs gleaming ?

Forward and backward, half dreaming—
 Let him come find her, she said—
 White in the walnut-boughs gleaming—
 She would not call him instead !

Let him come find her, she said—
 Oh, she would show herself haughty—
 She would not call him instead—
 He was so lazy and naughty !

Oh, she would show herself haughty—
 Oh, he should meet with his match !
 He was so lazy and naughty—
 Click went the sound of a latch.

Oh, he should meet his match !
 Sudden, or ever she reckoned,
 Click ! went the sound of a latch—
 He would be here in a second !

Sudden, or ever she reckoned,
 Blushed she as red as a rose—
 He would be here in a second !
 Perhaps he had hurried—who knows ?

Blushed she as red as a rose,
 Looking so doubtful and pretty—
 Perhaps he had hurried—who knows ?
 To quarrel would be such a pity !

Looking so doubtful and pretty—
 Speak, or allow him to pass ?
 To quarrel would be such a pity—
 There was his step on the grass !

Speak, or allow him to pass?
 Let him go by without stopping?
 There was a step on the grass!
 Ah, how the roses were dropping!

Let him go by without stopping?
 Up, and to meet him she flew!
 Ah, how the roses were dropping!—
 Sweetly the summer wind blew—

Up, and to meet him she flew—
 Arms round his neck she was flinging—
 Sweetly the summer wind blew—
 Birds in the tree-tops were singing.

MAY PROBYN.

THE BALLAD OF CASSANDRA BROWN.

THOUGH I met her in the summer, when one's heart lies round at
 ease,
 As it were in tennis costume, and a man's not hard to please;
 Yet I think at any season to have met her was to love,
 While her tones, unspoiled, unstudied, had the softness of the
 dove.

At request she read us poems in a nook among the pines,
 And her artless voice lent music to the least melodious lines;
 Though she lowered her shadowing lashes, in an earnest reader's
 wise,
 Yet we caught blue gracious glimpses of the heavens that were in
 her eyes.

As in paradise I listened. Ah! I did not understand
 That a little cloud no larger than the average human hand,
 Might, as stated oft in fiction, spread into a sable pall,
 When she said that she should study Elocution in the fall.

I admit her earliest efforts were not in the Ercles vein ;
 She began with, "Lit-tle Maaybel, with her faayce against the
 paayne,
 And the beacon-light a-trrremble,"—which, although it made me
 wince,
 Is a thing of cheerful nature to the things she's rendered since.

Having learned the Soulful Quiver, she acquired the Melting
 Mo-o-an,
 And the way she gave "Young Grayhead" would have liquefied a
 stone.

Then the Sanguinary Tragic did her energies employ,
 And she tore my taste to tatters when she slew "The Polish Boy."

It's not pleasant for a fellow when the jewel of his soul
 Wades through slaughter on the carpet, while her orbs in frenzy
 roll :

What was I that I should murmur? Yet it gave me grievous
 pain .

That she rose in social gatherings and Searched among the Slain.

I was forced to look upon her, in my desperation dumb,
 Knowing well that when her awful opportunity was come
 She would give us battle, murder, sudden death at very least,
 As a skeleton of warning, and a blight upon the feast.

Once, ah ! once I fell a-dreaming ; some one played a polonaise
 I associated strongly with those happier August days ;
 And I mused, "I'll speak this evening," recent pangs forgotten
 quite.

Sudden shrilled a scream of anguish : "Curfew shall not ring
 to-night !"

Ah ! that sound was as a curfew, quenching rosy, warm romance :
 Were it safe to wed a woman one so oft would wish in France?
 Oh ! as she "cull-imbed" that ladder, swift my mounting hope
 came down.

I am still a single cynic ; she is still Cassandra Brown !

COROEUS GREEN.

WHEN THE COWS COME HOME.

WHEN klinge, klangle, klingle,
Far down the dusty dingle,
The cows are coming home ;
Now sweet and clear, now faint and low,
The airy tinklings come and go,
Like chimings from the far-off tower,
Or patterings of an April shower
That makes the daisies grow ;
Ko-ling, ko-lang, kolinelelingle,
Far down the darkening dingle,
The cows come slowly home.

And old-time friends, and twilight plays,
And starry nights and sunny days,
Come trooping up the misty ways
When the cows come home.
With jingle, jangle, jingle,
Soft tones that sweetly mingle—
The cows are coming home :

Malvine, and Pearl, and Florimel,
DeKamp, Red Rose, and Gretchen Schell,
Queen Bess, and Sylph, and Spangled Sue,
Across the fields I hear her 'loo-oo'
And clang her silver bell ;
Go-ling, go-lang, golinelelingle,
With faint far sounds that mingle,
The cows come slowly home.

And mother-songs of long-gone years,
And baby-joys and childish fears,
And youthful hopes and youthful tears,

When the cows come home.
 With ringle, rangle, ringle,
 By twos and threes and single,
 The cows are coming home.

Through violet air we see the town,
 And the summer sun a-sliding down,
 And the maple in the hazel glade
 Throws down the path a longer shade,
 And the hills are growing brown ;
 To-ring, to-rang, toringleringle,
 By threes and fours and single,
 The cows come slowly home.

The same sweet sound of wordless psalm,
 The same sweet June day rest and calm,
 The same sweet smell of buds and balm,
 When the cows come home,
 With tinkle, tankle, tinkle,
 Through fern and periwinkle,
 The cows are coming home.

A-loitering in the checkered stream,
 Where the sun-rays glance and gleam,
 Clarine, Peach-bloom, and Phebe Phillis
 Stand knee-deep in the creamy lilies,
 In a drowsy dream ;
 To-link, to-lank, tolinklelinkle,
 O'er banks with buttercups a-twinkle,
 The cows come slowly home.

And up through memory's deep ravine
 Come the brook's old song and its old-time sheen,
 And the crescent of the silver queen,
 When the cows come home.
 With klinge, klangle, klinge,
 With loo-oo and meo-oo, and jingle,
 The cows are coming home.

And over there on Merlin Hill
 Sounds the plaintive cry of the whip-poor-will,
 And the dew-drops lie on the tangled vines,
 And over the poplars Venus shines,
 And over the silent mill.
 Ko-ling, ko-lang, kolingleingle,
 With ting-a-ling and jingle,
 The cows come slowly home.

Let down the bars; let in the train
 Of long-gone songs, and flowers, and rain;
 For dear old times come back again,
 When the cows come home.

CUDDLE DOON.

THE bairnies cuddle doon at nicht,
 Wi' muckle faucht an' din;
 "O, try and sleep, ye waukrife rogues,
 Your faither's comin' in."
 They never heed a word I speak;
 I try to gie a froom,
 But aye I hap them up, an' cry,
 "O, bairnies, cuddle doon."

Wee Jamie wi' the curly heid—
 He aye sleeps next the wa',
 Bangs up an' cries, "I want a piece"—
 The rascal starts them a'.
 I rin an' fetch them pieces, drinks,
 They stop awee the soun',
 Then draw the blankets up an' cry,
 "Noo, weanies, cuddle doon."

But ere five minutes gang, wee Bab
 Cries oot, frae 'neath the claes,
 "Mither, mak' Tam gie ower at ance,
 He's kittlin' wi' his taes."
 The mischief's in that Tam for tricks,
 He'd bother half the toon ;
 But aye I hap them up an' cry,
 "O, bairnies cuddle doon."

At length they hear their faither's fit,
 An' as he steeks the door,
 They turn their faces to the wa',
 While Tam pretends to snore.
 "Hae a' the weans been gude?" he asks,
 As he pits off his shoon.
 "The bairnies, John, are in their beds,
 An' lang since cuddled doon."

An' just afore we bed oorsels,
 We look at our wee lambs ;
 Tam has his airm roun' wee Rab's neck,
 An' Rab his airm roun' Tam's.
 I lift wee Jamie up the bed,
 An' as I straik each croon,
 I whisper till my heart fills up,
 "O, bairnies, cuddle doon."

The bairnies cuddle doon at night
 Wi' mirth that's dear to me ;
 Bnt sune the big warld's cark an' care
 Will quaten doon their glee,
 Yet come what will to ilka ane,
 May He who sits aboon
 Aye wisper, though their pows be bauld,
 "O, bairnies, cuddle doon."

ALEXANDER ANDERSON.

HOW "RUBY" PLAYED.

[Jud Browning, when visiting New York, goes to hear Rubenstein, and gives the following description of his playing.]

WELL, sir, he had the biggest, catty-cornedest pianner you ever laid eyes on; somethin' like a distracted billiard table on three legs. The lid was hoisted, and mighty well it was. If it hadn't been, he'd a tore the entire inside clean out, and scatterd 'em to the four winds of heaven.

Played well? You bet he did; but don't interrupt me. When he first sit down, he 'peared to keer mighty little 'bout playin', and wisht he had'nt come. He tweedle-leddle'd a little on the treble, and twoodle-oodled some on the base—just foolin' and boxin' the thing's jaws for bein' in his way. And I says to a man settin' next to me, says I, "What sort of fool playin' is that?" And he says, "Heish?" But presently his hands commenced chasin' one another up and down the keys, like a parcel of rats scampering' through a garret very swift. Parts of it was sweet, though, and reminded me of a sugar squirrel turnin' the wheel of a candy cage.

"Now," I says to my neighbor, "he's showin' off. He thinks he's a-doin' of it; but he ain't got no idee, no plan of nothin'. If he'd play me a tune of some kind or other I'd—"

But my neighbor says, "Heish!" very impatient.

I was just about to git up and go home, bein' tired of that foolishness, when I heard a little bird waking up away off in the woods, and call sleepy-like to his mate, and I looked up and see that Rubin was beginning to take some interest in his business, and I sit down again. It was the peep of day. The light came faint from the east, the breezes blowed gentle and fresh, some more birds waked up in the orchard, then some more in the tree near the house, and all begun singin' together. People began to stir and the gal opened the shutters. Just then the first beam of sun fell upon the blossoms a leetle more, and it techt the roses on the bushes, and the next thing it was broad day; the sun fairly blazed, the birds sung like they'd split their little throats; all the leaves was movin', and flashin' diamonds of dew, and the whole wide world was bright and

happy as a king. Seemed to me like there was a good breakfast in every house in the land, and not a sick child or woman anywhere. It was a fine mornin'.

And I says to my neighbor, "That's music, that is."

But he glared at me like he'd like to cut my throat.

Then the sun went down, it got dark, the wind moaned and wept like a lost child for its dead mother, and I could a-got up then and there and preached a better sermon than any I ever listened to. There wasn't a thing in the world left to live for, not a blamed thing; and yet I didn't want the music to stop one bit. It was happier to be miserable than to be happy without being miserable. I couldn't understand it. I hung my head and pulled out my handkerchief, and blowed my nose loud to keep me from cryin'. My eyes is weak, any way. I didn't want anybody to be gazin' at me snivlin', and it's nobody's business what I do with my nose. It's mine. But some several glared at me mad as blazes. Then, all of a sudden, old Rubin changed his tune. He ripped out and he rared, he tipped and he tared, he pranced and he charged like the grand entry at a circus. 'Peared to me that all the gas in the house was turned on at once, things got so bright, and I hilt up my head, ready to look any man in the face, and not afraid of nothin'. It was a circus, and a brass band and a big ball goin' on at the same time. He lit into those keys like a thousand of brick; he give 'em no rest day or night; he set every livin' joint in me a-goin', and not hein' able to stand it no longer, I jumped spang onto my seat, and jest hollered, "*Go it Rube!*"

Every blamed man, woman and child in the house riz on me, and shouted, "Put him out! put him out!"

"Put your grandmother's grizzly gray greenish cat into the middle of next month!" I says. "Tech me if you dare! I paid my money, and you jest come a-nigh me!"

With that some several policemen ran up, and I had to simmer down. But I would a fit any fool that laid his hands on me, for I was bound to hear Ruby out or die.

He had changed his tune again. He hop-light ladies and tip-toed fine from end to end of the key board. He played soft and low and solemn. I heard the church bells over the hills. The candles of heaven was lit, one by one; I saw the stars rise. The great organ of eternity began to play from the world's end to the worl'l's end,

and all the angels went to prayers. * * * * *

Then the music changed to water, full of feeling that couldn't be thought, and began to drop—drip, drop—drip, drop, clear and sweet, like tears of joy falling into a lake of glory. It was sweeter than that. It was as sweet as a sweet-heart sweetened with white sugar mixt with powdered silver and seed diamonds. It was too sweet. I tell you the audience cheered. Rubin he kinder bowed, like he wanted to say, "Much obleeged; but I'd rather you wouldn't interrup' me."

He stopt a moment or two to ketch breath. Then he got mad. He run his fingers through his hair, he shoved up his sleeve, he opened his coat tails a leetle further, he drug up his stool, he leaned over, and sir, he just went for the old pianner. He slapped her face, he boxed her jaws, he pulled her nose, he pinched her ears, and he scratched her cheeks until she fairly yelled. He knockt her down and stamped on her shameful. She bellowed like a bull, she bleated like a calf, she howled like a hound, she squealed like a pig, she shrieked like a rat, and *then* he wouldn't let her up. He run a quarter stretch down the low grounds of the base till he got clean into the bowels of the earth, and you heard thunder galloping after thunder, through the hollows and caves of perdition; and then he foxchased his right hand with his left till he got way out of the treble into the clouds, whar the notes was finer than the pints of cambric needles, and you couldn't hear nothin' but the shadders of 'em. And *then* he wouldn't let the old pianner go. He far'ard two'd, he crost over first gentlemen, he chassade right and left, back to your places, he all hands'd aroun', ladies to the right, promenade all, in and out, here and there, back and forth, up and down, perpetual motion, double twisted and turned and tacked and tangled into forty-eleven thousand double bow-knots.

By jinks ! it was a mixtery. And then he wouldn't let the old pianner go. He fecht up his right wing, he fecht up his centre, he fecht up reserve. He fired by file, he fired by platoons, hy company, by regiments, and by brigades. He opened his cannons, siege guns down thar, Napoleons here, twelve pounders yonder—big guns, little guns, middle-sized guns, round shot, shells, shrapnels, grape, canister, mortar, mines and magazines, every livin' battery and bomb a goin' at the same time. The house trembled, the lights danced, the walls shuk; the floor came up, the ceilin' come

down, the sky split, the ground rokt—heavens and earth, creation, sweet potatoes, Moses, nine pences, glory, ten-penny nails, Sampson in a 'simmon tree, Tump Thompson in a tumbler cart, roodle-oodle - oodle - oodle — ruddle-uddle-uddle- uddle — raddle - addle - addle-addle — riddle-iddle-iddle-iddle — reedle-eddle-eddle-eddle—p-r-r-r-r-lank ! Bang !! lang ! perlang ! p r-r-r-r !! Bang !!!

With that bang, he lifted himself boldly into the a'r and he come down with his knees, his ten fingers, his ten toes, his elbows, and his nose, striking every single solitary key on the pianner at the same time. The thing busted and went off into seventeen hundred and fifty seven thousand five hundred and forty-two hemi-demi semi quavers, and I know'd no mo'.

When I come to, I were under ground about twenty foot, in a place they call Oyster Bay, treatin' a Yankee that I never laid eyes on before, and never expect to agin. Day was breakin' by the time I got to the St. Nicholas Hotel, and I pledge you my word I did not know my name. The man asked me the number of my room, and I told him, "Hot music on the half-shell for two !"

A ROYAL PRINCESS.

I, A PRINCESS, king descended, decked with jewels, gilded, drest,
Would rather be a peasant, and lull my babe to rest,
For all I shine so like the sun, and am purple like the west.

Two and two my guards behind, two and two before,
Two and two on either hand, they guard me evermore ;
Me, poor dove, that must not coo—eagle, that must not soar.

All my fountains cast up perfumes, all my gardens grow
Scented woods and foreign spices, with all flowers in blow
That are costly, out of season as the seasons go.

All my walls are lost in mirrors, whereupon I trace
Self to right hand, self to left hand, self in every place,
Self-same solitary figure, self-same seeking face.

Then I have an ivory chair high to sit upon,
Almost like my father's chair, which is an ivory throne,
There I sit uplift and upright, there I sit alone.

Alone by day, alone by night, alone days without end ;
My father and my mother give me treasures, search and spend—
O my father ! O my mother ! have you ne'er a friend ?

As I am a lofty princess, so my father is
A lofty king, accomplished in all kingly subtilties,
Holding in his strong right hand world-kingdoms' balances.

He has quarreled with his neighbors, he has scourged his foes,
Vassal counts and princes follow where his pennon goes,
Long-descended valiant lords whom the vulture knows.

On whose track the vulture swoops, when they ride in state
To break the strength of armies and topple down the great :
Each of these my courteous servant, none of these my mate.

My father, counting up his strength, sets down with equal pen
So many head of cattle, head of horses, head of men ;
These for slaughter, these for breeding, with the how and when.

Some to work on roads, canals ; some to man his ships ;
Some to smart in mines beneath sharp overseers' whips ;
Some to trap fur-beasts in lands where utmost winter nips.

Once it came into my heart and whelmed me like a flood,
That these too are men and women, human flesh and blood ;
Men with hearts and men with souls, though trodden down like
mud.

Our feasting was not glad that night, our music was not gay ;
On my mother's graceful head I marked a thread of gray,
My father, frowning at the fare, seemed every dish to weigh.

I sat beside them sole princess in my exalted place,
My ladies and my gentlemen stood by me on the dais :
A mirror showed me I looked old and haggard in the face ;

It showed me that my ladies all are fair to gaze upon,
Plump, plenteous-haired, to every one love's secret lore is known,
They laugh by day, they sleep by night ; ah me, what is a throne ?

The singing men and women sang that night as usual,
The dancers danced in pairs and sets, but music had a fall—
A melancholy windy fall, as at a funeral.

Amid the toss of torches to my chamber back we swept ;
My ladies loosed my golden chain ; meantime I could have wept
To think of some in galling chains, whether they waked or slept.

I took my bath of scented milk, delicately waited on,
They burned sweet things for my delight, cedar and cinnamon,
They lit my shaded silver lamp and left me there alone.

A day went by, a week went by. One day I heard it said :
“Men are clamoring, women, children, clamoring to be fed ;
Men like famished dogs are howling in the streets for bread.”

So two whispered by my door, not thinking I could hear ;
Vulgar, naked truth, ungarnished for a royal ear ;
Fit for cooping in the background, not to stalk so near.

But I strained my utmost sense to catch this truth, and mark :
There are families out grazing like cattle in the park,
A pair of peasants must be saved even if we build an ark.

A merry jest, a merry laugh, each strolled upon his way ;
One was my page, a lad I reared and bore with day by day :
One was my youngest maid, as sweet and white as cream in May.

Other footsteps followed softly with a weightier tramp ;
Voices said: “Picked soldiers have been summoned from the camp
To quell these base-born ruffians who make free to howl and
stamp.”

“Howl and stamp?” one answered: “They made free to hurl a
stone

At the minister’s state coach, well aimed and stoutly thrown.”

“There’s work, then, for soldiers, for this rank crop must be
mown.”

“One I saw, a poor old fool, with ashes on his head,
Whimpering because a girl had snatched his crust of bread :
Then he dropped ; when some one raised him, it turned out he
was dead.”

"After us the deluge," was retorted with a laugh :

"If bread's the staff of life, they must walk without a staff."

"While I've a loaf, they're welcome to my blessing and the chaff."

These passed. The king : "Stand up," said my father, with a smile :

"Daughter mine, your mother comes to sit with you awhile,
She's sad to day, and who but you her sadness can beguile?"

He too left me. Shall I touch my harp now while I wait—
(I hear them doubling guard below before our palace gate)
Or shall I work the last good stitch in my veil of state ;

Or shall my woman stand and read some unimpassioned scene,
There's music of a lulling sort in words that pause between.
Or shall she merely fan me while I wait here for the queen ?

Again I caught my father's voice in a sharp word of command,
"Charge !" a clash of steel : "Charge again, the rebels stand,
Smite and spare not, hand to hand : smite and spare not, hand to
hand."

There swelled a tumult at the gate, high voices waxing higher ;
A flash of red reflected light lit the cathedral spire,
I heard a cry for fagots, then I heard a yell for fire.

"Sit and roast there with your meat, sit and bake there with your
bread,

You who sat to see us starve !" one shrieking woman said :

"Sit on your throne and roast with your crown upon your head !"

Nay this thing will I do, while my mother tarrieth,
I will take my fine spun gold, but not to sew therewith,
I will take my gold and gems, and rainbow fan and wreath ;

With a ransom in my lap, a king's ransom in my hand,
I will go down to this people, will stand face to face, will stand
Where they curse king, queen, and princess of this cursed land.

They shall take all to buy them bread, take all I have to give ;
I, if I perish, perish ; they to-day shall eat and live ;
I, if I perish, perish ; that's the goal I half conceive :

Once to speak before the world, rend bare my heart and show
The lesson I have learned, which is death, is life, to know,
I, if I perish, perish, in the name of God I go.

CHRISTINA ROSSETTI.

OLD ROBIN.

SELL old Robin, do you say? Well, I reckon not to-day!

I have let you have your way with the land,
With the meadows and the fallows, draining swamps and filling
hollows,
And your mighty deep, Dan Alvord! but the sea itself has shallows,
And there *are* things you *don't* understand.

You are not so green, of course, as to feed a worn-out horse,
Out of pity or remorse, very long!
But as sure as I am master of a shed and bit of pasture,
Not for all the wealth, I warn you, of a Vanderbilt or Astor,
Will I do old Robin there such a wrong.

He is old and lame, alas! Don't disturb him as you pass!
Let him lie there on the grass, while he may,
And enjoy the summer weather, free forever from his tether.
Sober veteran as you see him, we were young and gay together:
It was I who rode him first—ah, the day!

I was just a little chap, in first pantaloons and cap,
And I left my mother's lap, at the door;
And the reins hung loose and idle, as we let him prance and
sidle—
For my father walked beside me with his hand upon the bridle:
Yearling colt and boy of five, hardly more!

See him start and prick his ears ! see how knowingly he leers ;
I believe he overhears every word ;
And once more, it may be, fancies that he carries me and prances,
While my mother from the door-way follows us with happy
glances,
You may laugh, but—well, of course, it's absurd !

Poor old Robin ! does he know how I used to cling and crow,
As I rode him to and fro and around ?
Every day as we grew older, he grew gentler, I grew bolder,
Till, a hand upon the bridle and a touch upon his shoulder,
I could vault into my seat at a bound

Ah, the nag you so disdain, with his scanty tail and mane,
And that ridge-pole to shed rain, called a back,
Then was taper-limbed and glossy—so superb a creature was he !
And he arched his neck, so graceful, and he tossed his tail, so
saucy,
Like a proudly waving plume, long the black !

He was light of hoof and feet, I was supple, firm in seat,
And no sort of thing with feet, anywhere
In the country, could come nigh us ; scarce the swallows could
outfly us ;
But the planet spun beneath us, and the sky went whizzing by us,
In the hurricane we made of the air.

Then I rode away to school in the mornings fresh and cool ;
Till, one day, beside the pool where we drank,
Leaning on my handsome trotter, glancing up across the water
To the judge's terraced orchard, there I saw the judge's daughter,
In a frame of sunny boughs on the bank.

Looking down on horse and boy, smiling down, so sweet and coy,
That I thrilled with bashful joy, when she said—
Voice as sweet as a canary's—"Would you like to get some
cherries ?—
You are welcome as the birds are ;—there are nice ones on this
terrace ;
These are white hearts in the tree overhead."

Was it Robin more than I, that had pleased her girlish eye
 As she saw us prancing by? half I fear!
 Off she ran, but not a great way: white-hearts, black-hearts,
 sweethearts straightway!
 Boy and horse were soon familiar with the hospitable gate-way,
 And a happy fool was I—for a year.

Lord forgive an only child! All the blessings on me piled
 Had but helped to make me wild and perverse.
 What is there in honest horses that should lead to vicious courses?
 Racing, betting, idling, tippling, wasted soon my best resources:
 Small beginnings led to more—and to worse.

Father? happy in his grave! Praying mothers cannot save,—
 Mine? a flatterer and a slave to her son!
 Often Mary urged and pleaded, and the good judge interceded,
 Counseled, blamed, insisted, threatened; tears and threats were all
 unheeded,
 And I answered him in wrath: it was done!

Vainly Mary sobbed and clung; in a fury, out I flung,
 To old Robin's back I sprung, and away!
 No repentance, no compassion; on I plunged in headlong fashion,
 In a night of rain and tempest, with a fierce, despairing passion—
 Through the blind and raving gusts, mad as they.

Bad to worse was now my game: my poor mother, still the same,
 Tried to shield me, to reclaim—did her best.
 Creditors began to clamor; I could only lie and stammer;
 All we had was pledged for payment, all was sold beneath the
 hammer,
 My old Robin there, along with the rest.

Laughing, jeering, I stood by, with a devil in my eye
 Watching those who came to buy: what was done
 I had then no power to alter; I looked on and would not falter,
 Till the last man had departed, leading Robin by the halter;
 Then I flew into the loft for my gun.

I would shoot him ! no, I said, I would kill myself instead !

To a lonely wood I fled, on a hill.

Hating heaven and all its mercies for my follies and reverses,

There I plunged in self-abasement, there I burrowed in self-curses;

But the dying I put off—as men will.

As I wandered back at night, something, far off, caught my sight,

Dark against the western light, in the lane ;

Coming to the bars to meet me—some illusion sent to cheat me !

No, 'twas Robin, my own Robin, dancing, whinnying to greet
me !

With a small white billet sewed to his mane.

The small missive I unstrung—on old Robin's neck I hung,

There I cried and there I clung ! while I read,

In a hand I knew was Mary's—"One whose kindness never varies
Sends this gift : " no name was written, but a painted bunch of
cherries,

On the dainty little note, smiled instead.

There he lies now ! lank and lame, stiff of limb and gaunt of
frame,

But to her and me the same dear old boy !

Never steed, I think, was fairer ! still I see him the proud bearer
Of my pardon and salvation ; and he yet shall be a sharer—

As a poor dumb beast may share—in my joy.

It is strange that by the time, I, a man, am in my prime,

He is guilty of the crime of old age !

But no sort of circumvention can deprive him of his pension :

He shall have his rack and pasture, with a little kind attention,

And some years of comfort yet, I'll engage.

By long service and good will he has earned them, and he still

Has a humble place to fill, as you know.

Now *my* little shavers ride him, sometimes two or three astride
him ;

Mary watches from the door-way while I lead or walk beside
him ;—

But his dancing all was done long ago.

See that merry, toddling lass tripping to and fro, to pass
 Little handfuls of green grass, which he chews,
 And the two small urchins trying to climb up and ride him lying ;
 And, hard hearted as you are, Dan—eh ? you don't say ! you are
 crying !
 Well, an old horse, after all, has his use !

J. T. TROWBRIDGE.

SPOOPENDYKE STOPS SMOKING.

“MY DEAR,” said Mr. Spoopendyke, rumpling his hair around over his head and gazing at himself in the glass, “my dear, do you know I think I smoke too much ? It doesn't agree with me.”

“Just what I have always thought !” chimed Mrs. Spoopendyke, “and besides, it makes the room smell so. You know this room——”

“I'm not talking about the room,” retorted Mr. Spoopendyke, with a snort. “I'm not aware that it affects the health of the room. I'm talking about my health this trip, and I think I'll break off short. You don't catch me smoking any more,” and Mr. Spoopendyke yawned and stretched himself, and plumped down in his easy chair, and glared out the window at the rain.

“How are you going to break off ?” inquired Mrs. Spoopendyke, drawing up her sewing chair, and gazing up into her husband's face admiringly. “I suppose the best way is not to think of it at all.”

“The best way is for you to sit there and cackle about it !” growled Mr. Spoopendyke. “If anything will distract my attention from it that will. Can't you think of something else to talk about ? Don't you know some subjects that don't smell like a tobacco plantation ?”

“Certainly,” cooed Mrs. Spoopendyke, rather nonplussed. “We might talk about the rain. I suppose that is really the equinox. How long will it last, dear ?”

"Gast the equinox!" sputtered Mr. Spoopendyke. "Don't you know that when a man quits smoking it depresses him? What d'ye want to talk about depressing things for? Now's the time to make me cheerful. If ye don't know any cheerful things, keep quiet."

"Of course," assented Mrs. Spoopendyke, "you want subjects that will draw your mind away from the habit of smoking like you used to. Won't it be nice when the long winter evenings come, and the fire is lighted, and you have your slippers and paper——"

"That's just the time I want a cigar!" roared Mr. Spoopendyke, bounding around in his chair and scowling at his wife. "Aint you got sense enough to shingle your tongue for a minute? The way you're keeping it up you'll drive me back to my habit in less'n an hour," he continued, solemnly, "and then my blood will be on your head!"

"Oh, dear," sighed Mrs. Spoopendyke, "I didn't mean to. Did you notice about the comet? They say it is going to drop into the sun and burn up——"

"There ye go again!" yelled Mr. Spoopendyke. "You can't open your mouth without suggesting something that breaks me down! What d'ye want to talk about fire for? Who wants fire when he's stopped smoking? Two minutes more and I'll have a pipe in my mouth!" and Mr. Spoopendyke groaned dismally in contemplation of the prospect.

"I'm glad you're going to stay at home to-day," continued Mrs. Spoopendyke, soothingly. "You'd be sure to catch cold if you went out; and by and by we'll have a piping hot dinner——"

"That's it!" squealed Mr. Spoopendyke, bounding out of his chair and plunging around the room. "You'd got to say something about a pipe! I knew how it would be! You want me to die! You want me to smoke myself into an early grave! You'll fetch it! Don't give yourself any uneasiness! You're on the track!" and Mr. Spoopendyke buried his face in his hands and shook convulsively.

"I meant it for the best, my dear," murmured Mrs. Spoopendyke. "I thought I was drawing——"

"That's it," ripped Mr. Spoopendyke. "Drawing! You've driving me to it instead of keeping me from it. You know how it's done! All you need now is a lightning rod and a dish of milk

toast to be an inebriates' home ! Where's that cigar I left here on the mantle ? Gimme my death warrant ! Show me my imported doom ! Drag forth my miniature coffin !" and Mr. Spoopendyke swept the contents of the shelf upon the floor and howled dismally.

"Isn't that it ?" asked Mrs. Spoopendyke, pointing to a small pile of snuff on the chair in which Mr. Spoopendyke had been sitting. "That looks like it."

"Wah," yelled Mr. Spoopendyke, grasping his hat and making for the door. "Another time I swear off you go into the country, you hear?" and Mr. Spoopendyke dashed out of the house and steered for the nearest tobacco shop.

"I don't care," muttered Mrs. Spoopendyke ; "when he swears off again I'm willing to leave, and in the meantime I suppose he'll be healthier without his pipe, so I'll hang it up on the wall where he'll never think of looking for it," and having consigned the tobacco to the flames, Mrs. Spoopendyke gathered her sewing materials around her and double clinched an old resolution never to lose her temper, no matter what happened.—*Brooklyn Eagle*.

THE CHARCOAL MAN.

THOUGH rudely blows the wintry blast
And sifting snows follow white and fast,
Mark Haley drives along the street,
Perched high upon his wagon seat ;
His sombre face the storm defies,
And thus from morn till eve he cries,—

"Charco' ! charco' !"

While echo faint and far replies,—

"Hark, O ! hark, O !"

"Charco' !"—"Hark, O !" —Such cheery sounds
Attend him on his daily rounds.

The dust begrimes his ancient hat ;
His coat is darker far than that ;
'Tis odd to see his sooty form
All speckled with the feathery storm ;
Yet in his honest bosom lies
Nor spot nor speck,—though still he cries,—
 “ Charco' ! charco' ! ”
And many a roguish lad replies,—
 “ Ark, ho ! ark, ho ! ”
“ Charco' ! ”—“ Ark, ho ! ”—Such various sounds
Announce Mark Haley's morning rounds.

Thus all the cold and wintry day
He labors much for little pay ;
Yet feels no less of happiness
Than many a richer man, I guess,
When through the shades of eve he spies
The light of his own home, and cries,—
 “ Charco' ! charco' ! ”
And Martha from the door replies,—
 “ Mark, ho ! Mark, ho ? ”
“ Charco' ! ”—“ Mark, ho ! ”—Such joy abounds
When he has closed his daily rounds.

The heart is warm, the fire is bright ;
And while his hand, washed clean and white,
Holds Martha's tender hand once more,
His glowing face bends fondly o'er
The crib wherein his darling lies,
And in a coaxing tone he cries,—
 “ Charco' ! charco' ! ”
And the baby with a laugh replies,—
 “ Ah, go ! ah, go ! ”
“ Charco' ! ”—“ Ah, go ! ”—while at the sounds
The mother's heart with gladness bounds.

Then honored be the charcoal man !
Though dusky as an African,
'Tis not for you, that chance to be
A little better clad than he,

His honest manhood to despise,
 Although from morn to eve he cries,—
 “Charco’ ! charco’ !”
 While mocking echo still replies—
 “Hark, O ! hark, O !”
 “Charco’ !”—“Hark, O !”—Long may the sounds
 Proclaim Mark Haley’s daily rounds !
 J. T. TROWBRIDGE.

KATIE LEE AND WILLIE GRAY.

Two brown heads with tossing curls,
 Red lips shutting over pearls,
 Bare feet, white and wet with dew,
 Two eyes black and two eyes blue—
 Little boy and girl were they
 Katie Lee and Willie Gray.

They were standing where a brook,
 Bending like a shepherd’s crook,
 Flashed its silver, and thick ranks
 Of willow fringed its mossy banks—
 Half in thought and half in play,
 Katie Lee and Willie Gray.

They had cheeks like cherry red—
 He was taller, ’most a head ;
 She with arms like wreaths of snow
 Swung a basket to and fro.
 As they loitered, half in play,
 Katie Lee and Willie Gray.

“Pretty Katie,” Willie said,
 And there came a dash of red
 Through the brownness of the cheek,
 “Boys are strong and girls are weak,
 And I’ll carry, so I will,
 Katie’s basket up the hill.”

Katie answered with a laugh,
"You shall only carry half ;"
Then said, tossing back her curls,
"Boys are weak as well as girls."
Do you think that Katie guessed
Half the wisdom she expressed ?

Men are only boys grown tall ;
Hearts don't change much, after all ;
And when, long years from that day,
Katie Lee and Willie Gray
Stood again beside the brook
Bending like a shepherd's crook—

Is it strange that Willie said,
While again a dash of red
Crowned the brownness of his cheek,
"I am strong and you are weak ;
Life is but a slippery steep,
Hung with shadows cold and deep.

Will you trust me Katie dear ?
Walk beside me without fear ?
May I carry, if I will,
All your burdens up the hill ?"
And she answered, with a laugh,
"No, but you may carry half."

Close beside the little brook,
Bending like a shepherd's crook,
Working with its silver hands
Late and early at the sands,
Stands a cottage, where, to-day,
Katie lives with Willie Gray.
In the porch she sits, and lo !
Swings a basket to and fro,
Vastly different from the one
That she swung in years ago ;
This is long, and deep and wide,
And has rockers at the side.

HOW TOM SAWYER WHITEWASHED HIS FENCE.

TOM appeared on the sidewalk with a bucket of whitewash and a long-handled brush. He surveyed the fence, and all gladness left him, and a deep melancholy settled down upon his spirit. Thirty yards of board fence nine feet high. Life to him seemed hollow, and existence but a burden. Sighing, he dipped his brush and passed it along the topmost plank; repeated the operation; did it again; compared the insignificant whitewashed streak with the far-reaching continent of unwhitewashed fence, and sat down on a tree-box, discouraged.

He began to think of the fun he had planned for this day, and his sorrows multiplied. Soon the free boys would come tripping along on all sorts of delicious expeditions, and they would make a world of fun of him for having to work—the very thought of it burnt him like fire. He got out his worldly wealth and examined it—bits of toys, marbles, and trash; enough to buy any exchange of *work*, maybe, but not half enough to buy so much as half an hour of pure freedom. So he returned his straitened means to his pocket, and gave up the idea of trying to buy the boys. At this dark and hopeless moment an inspiration burst upon him! Nothing less than a great magnificent inspiration.

He took up his brush and went tranquilly to work. Ben Rogers hove in sight presently—the very boy, of all the boys, whose ridicule he had been dreading. Ben's gait was the hop-skip-and-jump—proof enough that his heart was light and his anticipations high. He was eating an apple, and giving a long, melodious whoop, at intervals, followed by a deep-toned ding dong-dong, ding-dong-dong, for he was personating a steamboat. As he drew near he slackened speed, took the middle of the street, leaned far over to starboard and rounded to ponderously and with laborious pump and circumstance—for he was personating the "Big Missouri," and considered himself to be drawing nine feet of water. He was boat, and captain, and engine-bells combined, so he had to imagine himself standing on his hurricane-deck giving the orders and executing them:

"Stop her, sir! Ting-a-ling-ling!" The headway ran almost out, and he drew up slowly toward the sidewalk.

"Ship up to back! Ting-a-ling-ling!" His arms straightened and stiffened down his sides.

"Set her back on the stabboard! Ting-a-ling-ling! Chow! ch-chow-wow! Chow!" His right hand, meantime, describing state-ly circles—for it was representing a forty foot wheel.

"Let her go back on the labboard! Ting-a-ling-ling! Chow! ch-chow-chow!" The left hand began to describe circles.

"Stop the stabboard! Ting-a-ling-ling! Stop the labboard! Come ahead on the stabboard! Stop her! Let your outside turn very slow! Ting-a-ling-ling! Chow-ow-ow! Get out that headline. *Lively* now! Come—out with your spring line—what're you about there! Take a turn round that stump with the bight of it! Stand by that stage, now—let her go! Done with the engines, sir! Ting-a-ling-a-ling! *Sh't! Sh't! Sh't!* (trying the gauge-cocks.)

Tom went on white-washing—paid no attention to the steam-boat. Ben stared a moment, and then said:

"Hi-yi! you're a stump, ain't you?"

No answer. Tom surveyed his last touch with the eye of an artist; then he gave his brush another gentle sweep and surveyed the result as before. Ben ranged up alongside of him. Tom's mouth watered for the apple, but he stuck to his work. Ben said: "Hello, old chap; you got to work, hey?"

Tom wheeled suddenly and said:

"Why, it's you, Ben; I warn't noticing."

"Say, I'm going in a-swimming, I am. Don't you wish you could? But, of course, you'd druther *work*, wouldn't you? Course you would!"

Tom contemplated the boy a bit, and said:

"What do you call work?"

"Why, ain't *that* work?"

Tom resumed his whitewashing, and answered carelessly:

"Well, maybe it is, and maybe it ain't. All I know is, it suits Tom Sawyer."

"Oh, come now, you don't mean to let on that you like it?"

"Like it? Well I don't see why I oughtn't to like it. Does a boy get a chance to whitewash a fence every day?"

That put the thing in a new light. Ben stopped nibbling his apple. Tom swept his brush daintily back and forth—stepped back to note the effect—added a touch here and there—criticised the effect again. Ben watching every move and getting more and more interested, more and more absorbed. Presently he said :

“ Say, Tom, let *me* whitewash a little. ”

Tom considered—was about to consent—but he altered his mind. “ No, no ; I reckon it wouldn’t hardly do, Ben. You see Aunt Polly’s awful particular about this fence—right here on the street, you know—but if it was the back fence I wouldn’t mind, and *she* wouldn’t. Yes, she’s awful particular about this fence ; it’s got to be done very careful ; I reckon there ain’t one boy in a thousand, maybe two thousand, that can do it in the way it’s got to be done. ”

“ No—is that so ? Oh, come now, lemme just try, only just a little. I’d let *you*, if you was me, Tom. ”

“ Ben, I’d like to, honest Injin ; but Aunt Polly—well, Jim wanted to do it, but she wouldn’t let him. Sid wanted to do it but she wouldn’t let Sid. Now don’t you see how I’m fixed ? If you was to tackle this fence, and anything was to happen to it— ”

“ Oh, shucks ! I’ll be just as careful. Now lemme try. Say—I’ll give you the core of my apple. ”

“ Well, here. No, Ben ; now don’t ; I’m afeard— ”

“ I’ll give you *all* of it. ”

Tom gave up the brush with reluctance in his face, but alacrity in his heart. And while Ben worked and sweated in the sun, the retired artist sat on a barrel in the shade close by, dangled his legs, munched his apple, and planned the slaughter of more innocents. There was no lack of material ; boys happened along every little while ; they came to jeer, but remained to whitewash. By the time Ben was fagged out ; Tom had traded the next chance to Billy Fisher for a kite in good repair ; and when *he* played out, Johnny Miller bought it for a dead rat and a string to swing it with ; and so on, and so on, hour after hour. And when the middle of the afternoon came, from being a poor, poverty-stricken boy in the morning, Tom was literally rolling in wealth. He had, beside the things before mentioned, twelve marbles, part of a jews-harp, a piece of blue bottle glass to look through, a spool cannon, a key that wouldn’t unlock anything, a fragment of chalk, a glass stopper of a decanter, a tin soldier, a couple of tadpoles, six fire-

crackers, a kitten with only one eye, a brass door-knob, a dog-collar—but no dog—the handle of a knife, four pieces of orange peel, and a dilapidated old window-sash.

Tom had had a nice, good, idle time all the while—plenty of company—and the fence had three coats of whitewash on it! If he hadn't run out of whitewash, he would have bankrupted every boy in the village.

He said to himself that it was not such a hollow world, after all. He had discovered a great law of human action without knowing it, namely, that in order to make a man or a boy covet a thing, it is only necessary to make it difficult to attain.

MARK TWAIN.

THE YOUNG SOLDIER.

INTO the house ran Lettice,
With hair so long and so bright,
Crying, "Mother! Johnny has 'listed!
He has 'listed into the fight!"

"Don't talk so wild, little Lettice!"
And she smoothed her darling's brow.
"'Tis true you'll see—as true can be—
He told me so just now."

"Ah, that's a likely story!
Why, darling, don't you see,
If Johnny had 'listed into the war
He would tell your father and me!"

"But he is going to go, mother,
Whether it's right or wrong;
He is thinking of it all the while,
And he won't be with us long."

“ Our Johnny going to go to war ! ”

“ Aye, aye, and the time is near ;

He said, when the corn was once in the ground,

We couldn't keep him here ! ”

“ Hush, child ! your brother Johnny

Meant to give you a fright. ”

“ Mother he'll go, — I tell you I know

He's 'listed into the fight !

“ Plucking a rose from the bush, he said,

Before its leaves were black

He'd have a soldier's cap on his head,

And a knapsack on his back ! ”

“ A dream ! a dream ! little Lettice,

A wild dream of the night ;

Go find and fetch your brother in,

And he will set us right. ”

So out of the house ran Lettice,

Calling near and far, —

“ Johnny, tell me, and tell me true,

Are you going to go to the war ? ”

At last she came and found him

In the dusty cattle-close,

Whistling Hail Columbia,

And beating time with his rose,

The rose he broke from the bush, when he said,

Before its leaves were black

He'd have a soldier's cap on his head,

And a knapsack on his back.

Then all in gay mock anger,

He plucked her by the sleeve,

Saying, “ Dear little, sweet little rebel,

I am going, by your leave ! ”

“O Johnny! Johnny!” low he stooped,
And kissed her wet cheeks dry,
And took her golden head in his hands,
And told her he would not die.

“But, Letty, if anything happens—
There won’t!” and he spoke more low—
“But if anything should, you must be twice as good
As you are, to mother, you know!”

“Not but that you are good, Letty,
As good as you can be;
But then you know it might be so,
You’d have to be good for me!”

So straight to the house they went, his cheeks
Flushing under his brim;
And his two broad-shouldered oxen
Turned their great eyes after him.

That night in the good old farmstead
Was many a sob of pain;
“O Johnny, stay! if you go away,
It will never be home again!”

But Time its still sure comfort lent,
Crawling, crawling past,
And Johnny’s gallant regiment
Was going to march at last.

And steadying up her stricken soul,
The mother turned about,
Took what was Johnny’s from the drawer
And shook the rose leaves out;

And brought the cap she had lined with silk,
And strapped his knapsack on,
And her heart, though it bled, was proud as she said,
“You would hardly know our John!”

Another year, and the roses
 Were bright on the hush by the door ;
 And into the house ran Lettice,
 Her pale cheeks glad once more.

“ O mother ! news has come today !
 'Tis flying all about ;
 Our John's regiment, they say,
 Is all to be mustered out !

“ O mother, you must buy me a dress,
 And ribbons of blue and buff !
 Oh what shall we say to make the day
 Merry and mad enough !

“ The brightest day that ever yet
 The sweet sun looked upon,
 When we shall be dressed in our very best,
 To welcome home our John ! ”

So up and down ran Lettice,
 And all the farmstead rung
 With where he would set his hayonet,
 And where his cap would be hung !

And the mother put away her look
 Of weary, waiting gloom,
 And a feast was set and the neighbors met
 To welcome Johnny home.

The good old father silent stood,
 With his eager face at the pane,
 And Lettice was out at the door to shout
 When she saw him in the lane.

And by and by, a soldier
 Came o'er the grassy hill ;
 It was not he they looked to see,
 And every heart stood still.

He brought them Johnny's knapsack,
 'Twas all that he could do,
 And the cap he had worn begrimed and torn,
 With a bullet-hole straight through!

ALICE CARY.

DOT LAMBS WHAT MARY HAF GOT.

MARY haf got a leetle lambs already ;
 Dose wool was vite like shnow ;
 Und efery times dot Mary did vend oued,
 Dot lambs vent also oued vid Mary.

Dot lamb did follow Mary von day of der school-house,
 Vich vas obbosition to der rules of der school master,
 Also, vich it dit caused dose schillen to schmile out loud,
 Ven dey did saw dose lambs on der insides of der school-house.

Und zo dot schoolmaster did kick dot lambs quick oued,
 Likevize, dot lambs dit loaf around on der outsides,
 Und did shoo der flies mit his tail off patiently aboud,
 Until Mary did come also from dot school-house oued.

Und den dot lambs did run right away quick to Mary,
 Und dit make his het on Mary's arms,
 Like he would say, "I dond vos schared,
 Mary would keep from drouble ena how."

"Vot vos der reason aboud it, of dot lambs and Mary?"
 Does schillen did ask it dot schoolmaster ;
 Vell, doand you know it, dot Mary lov dose lambs already,
 Dot schoolmaster did zaid.

MORAL.

Und zo, alzo, dot moral vas,
 Boued Mary's lamb's relations ;
 Of you lofe dese like she lofe does,
 Dot lambs vas obligations.

THE SAILOR BOY'S DREAM.

IN SLUMBERS of midnight the sailor-boy lay,
 His hammock swung loose at the sport of the wind ;
 But watch-worn and weary, his cares flew away,
 And visions of happiness danced o'er his mind.

He dreamed of his home, of his dear native bowers,
 And pleasures that waited on life's merry morn :
 While memory stood sideways half covered with flowers,
 And restored every rose, but secreted its thorn.

Then fancy her magical pinions spread wide,
 And bade the young dreamer in ecstasy rise ;
 Now far, far behind him the green waters glide,
 And the cot of his forefathers blesses his eyes.

The jessamine clammers in flowers o'er the thatch,
 And the swallow sings sweet from her nest in the wall ;
 All trembling with transport he raises the latch,
 And the voices of loved ones reply to his call.

A father bends o'er him with looks of delight ;
 His cheek is impearled with a mother's warm tear ;
 And the lips of the boy in a love-kiss unite
 With the lips of the maid whom his bosom holds dear.

The heart of the sleeper beats high in his breast ;
 Joy quickens his pulses—his hardships seem o'er ;
 And a murmur of happiness steals through his rest—
 "O God ! thou hast blessed me—I ask for no more."

Ah ! whence is that flame which now bursts on his eye ;
 Ah ! what is that sound which now 'larums his ear ?
 'Tis the lightning's red glare, painting hell on the sky !
 'Tis the crashing of thunder, the groan of the sphere !

He springs from his hammock, he flies to the deck ;
Amazement confronts him with images dire ;
Wild winds and mad waves drive the vessel a wreck,
The masts fly in splinters ; the shrouds are on fire.

Like mountains the billows tremendously swell ;
In vain the lost wretch calls on mercy to save ;
Unseen hands of spirits are ringing his knell,
And the death-angel flaps his broad wings o'er the wave.

O sailor-boy, woe to thy dream of delight !
In darkness dissolves the gay frost-work of bliss.
Where now is the picture that fancy touched bright—
Thy parents' fond pressure, and love's honeyed kiss ?

O sailor-boy ! sailor-boy ! never again
Shall home, love, or kindred thy wishes repay ;
Unblessed and unhonored, down deep in the main,
Full many a fathom thy frame shall decay.

No tomb shall e'er plead to remembrance for thee,
Or redeem form or frame from the merciless surge ;
But the white foam of waves shall thy winding-sheet be,
And winds, in the midnight of winter, thy dirge !

On a bed of green sea flowers thy limbs shall be laid—
Around thy white bones the red coral shall grow ;
Of thy fair yellow locks threads of amber be made,
And every part suit to thy mansion below.

Days, months, years and ages shall circle away,
And still the vast waters above thee shall roll ;
Earth loses thy pattern forever and aye—
O sailor-boy ! sailor-boy ! peace to thy soul.

WILLIAM DIMOND.

THE LITTLE HATCHET STORY.

WITH OCCASIONAL QUESTIONS BY A FIVE-YEAR-OLD HEARER.

AND so, smiling, we went on.

"Well, one day, George's father—"

"George who?" asked Clarence.

"George Washington. He was a little boy, then, just like you. One day his father—"

"Whose father?" demanded Clarence, with an encouraging expression of interest.

"George Washington's, this great man we are telling you of. One day George Washington's father gave him a little hatchet for a—"

"Gave who a little hatchet?" the dear child interrupted with a gleam of bewitching intelligence. Most men would have got mad or betrayed signs of impatience, but we didn't. We know how to talk to children. So we went on :

"George Washington. His—"

"Who gave him the little hatchet?"

"His father. And his father—"

"Whose father?"

"George Washington's."

"Oh!"

"Yes, George Washington. And his father told him—"

"Told who?"

"Told George."

"Oh, yes, George."

And we went on, just as patient and as pleasant as you could imagine. We took up the story right where the boy interrupted, for we could see he was just crazy to hear the end of it. We said :

"And he was told—"

"George told him?" queried Clarence.

"No, his father told George—"

"Oh!"

"Yes told him he must be careful with the hatchet—"

"Who must be careful?"

"George must,"

"Oh!"

"Yes; must be careful with his hatchet—"

"What hatchet?"

"Why George's."

"Oh!"

"With the hatchet, and not cut himself with it, or drop it in the cistern, or leave it out in the grass all night. So George went round cutting everything he could reach with his hatchet. And at last he came to a splendid apple-tree, his father's favorite, and cut it down and—"

"Who cut it down?"

"George did."

"Oh!"

"But his father came home and saw it the first thing, and—"

"Saw the hatchet?"

"No, saw the apple-tree. And he said, 'Who has cut down my favorite apple-tree?'"

"What apple-tree?"

"George's father's. And everybody said they didn't know anything about it, and—"

"Anything about what?"

"The apple-tree."

"Oh!"

"And George came up and heard them talking about it—"

"Heard who talking about it?"

"Heard his father and the men."

"What were they talking about?"

"About this apple-tree."

"What apple-tree?"

"The favorite tree that George cut down."

"George who?"

"George Washington."

"Oh!"

"So George came up and heard them talking about it, and he—"

"What did he cut it down for?"

"Just to try his little hatchet."

"Whose little hatchet?"

"Why, his own, the one his father gave him."

"Gave who?"

"Why, George Washington."

"Oh!"

"So George came up and he said, 'Father, I cannot tell a lie, I—'"

"Who couldn't tell a lie?"

"Why, George Washington. He said, 'Father, I cannot tell a lie. It was—'"

"His father couldn't?"

"Why, no; George couldn't."

"Oh! George? oh, yes!"

"'It was I cut down your apple-tree; I did—'"

"His father did?"

"No, no; it was George said this."

"Said he cut his father?"

"No, no, no; said he cut down his apple-tree."

"George's apple-tree?"

"No, no; his father's."

"Oh!"

"He said—"

"His father said?"

"No, no, no, George said. 'Father, I cannot tell a lie, I did it with my little hatchet.' And his father said: 'Noble boy, I would rather lose a thousand trees than have you tell a lie.'"

"George did?"

"No, his father said that."

"Said he'd rather have a thousand apple-trees?"

"No, no, no; said he'd rather lose a thousand apple-trees than—"

"Said he'd rather George would?"

"No, said he'd rather he would than have him lie."

"Oh! George would rather have his father lie?"

We are patient and we love children, but if Mrs. Caruthers hadn't come and got her prodigy at that critical juncture we don't believe all Burlington could have pulled us out of the snarl. And as Clarence pattered down the stairs we heard him telling his ma about a boy who had a father named George, and he told him to cut down an apple-tree, and he said he'd rather tell a thousand lies than cut down one apple-tree.

Burlington Hawkeye.

THE SIOUX CHIEF'S DAUGHTER.

Two gray hawks ride the rising blast;
Dark cloven clouds drive to and fro
By peaks pre-eminent in snow ;
A sounding river rushes past,
So wild, so vortex-like, and vast.
A lone lodge tops the windy hill ;
A tawny maiden, mute and still,
Stands waiting at the river's brink,
As weird and wild as you can think.

A mighty chief is at her feet ;
She does not heed him wooing so—
She hears the dark, wild waters flow ;
She waits her lover, tall and fleet,
From far gold fields of Idaho,
Beyond the beaming peaks of snow.

He comes ! The grim chief springs in air—
His brawny arm, his blade is bare.
She turns : she lifts her round, brown hand ;
She looks him fairly in the face ;
She moves her foot a little pace
And says, with coldness and command :
“ There's blood enough in this lorn land.

“ But see ! a test of strength and skill,
Of courage and fierce fortitude,
To breast and wrestle with the rude
And storm-born waters, now I will
Bestow you both. Stand either side.
Take you my left, tall Idaho ;
And you, my burly chief, I know
Would choose my right. Now peer you low

Across the waters wild and wide,
 See ! leaning so this morn I spied
 Red berries dip yon farther side.
 See, dipping, dripping in the stream
 Twin boughs of autumn berries gleam !
 Now this, brave men shall be the test ;
 Plunge in the stream, bear knife in teeth,
 To cut yon bough for bridal wreath.
 Plunge in ! and he who bears him best,
 And brings yon ruddy fruit to land
 The first, shall have my heart and hand, ”

Two tawny men, tall, brown, and thewed
 Like antique bronzes rarely seen,
 Shot up like flame. She stood between
 Like fixed, impassive fortitude.
 Then one threw robes with sullen air,
 And wound red fox-tails in his hair ;
 But one with face of proud delight,
 Entwined a crest of snowy white.
 She stood between. She sudden gave
 The sign, and each impatient brave
 Shot sudden in the sounding wave ;
 The startled waters gurgled round ;
 Their stubborn strokes kept sullen sound.

They near the shore at last ; and now
 The foam flies spouting from a face
 That laughing lifts from out the race.
 The race is run, the work is done !
 She sees the climbing crest of snow ;
 She knows her tall, brown Idaho,
 She cries aloud, she laughing cries,
 While tears are streaming from her eyes :
 “ Oh splendid, kingly Idaho, .
 I kiss his lifted crest of snow ;
 I see him clutch the bended bow !
 ’Tis cleft—he turns ! is coming now !

“ My tall and tawny king, come back !
Come swift, O sweet ! why falter so ?
Come, come ! What thing has crossed your track ?
I kneel to all the gods I know.
Oh come, my manly Idaho !
Great Spirit, what is this I dread ?
Why there is blood ! the wave is red !
That wrinkled chief, outstripped in race,
Dives down and, hiding from my face,
Strikes underneath ! He rises now !
Now plucks my hero's berry bough,
And lifts aloft his red fox head,
And signals he has won for me.
Hist, softly ! Let him come and see.
Oh come, my white-crowned hero, come !
Oh come, and I will be your bride,
Despite yon chieftain's craft and might.

“ How slow he buffets back the wave !
O God, he sinks ! O Heaven, save
My brave, brave boy ! He rises ! See !
Hold fast, my boy ! Strike, strike for me !
Strike straight this way ! Strike firm and strong !
Hold fast your strength ! It is not long—
O God, he sinks ! He sinks ! is gone !
His face has perished from my sight.
And did I dream, and do I wake ?
Or did I wake and now but dream ?
And what is this crawls from the stream ?
Oh, here is some mad, mad mistake.
What ! you, the red fox, at my feet ?
You first, and failing from the race ?

“ What ! you have brought me berries red ?
What ! you have brought your bride a wreath ?
You sly old fox with wrinkled face—
That blade has blood between your teeth.
Lie still, lie still ! till I lean o'er
And clutch your red blade to the shore.

Ha, ha ! Take that ; and that, and that !
 Ha ! ha ! So, through your coward throat
 The full day shines !'' Two fox-tails float
 And drift and drive adown the stream.
 "But what is this? What snowy crest
 Climbs out the willows of the west,
 All weary, wounded, bent and slow,
 And dripping from his streaming hair ?
 It is, it is my Idaho !
 His feet are on the land, and fair
 His face is lifting to my face,
 For who shall now dispute the race?"

JOAQUIN MILLER.

JEM'S LAST RIDE.

HIGH o'er the snow-capped peaks of blue the stars are out tonight,
 And the silver crescent moon hangs low. I watched it at my right,
 Moving above the pine-tops tall, a bright and gentle shape,
 While I listened to the tales you told of peril and escape.

Then, mingled with your voices low, I heard the rumbling sound
 Of wheels adown the farther slope, that sought the level ground ;
 And, suddenly, from memories that never can grow dim,
 Flashed out once more the day when last I rode with English Jem.

'Twas here, in wild Montana, I took my hero's gauge !
 From Butte to Deer Lodge, four-in-hand, he drove the mountain
 stage ;
 And many a time, in sun or storm, safe mounted at his side,
 I whiled away with pleasant talk the long day's weary ride.

Jem's faithful steeds had served him long, of mettle true and
 tried,
 One sought in vain for trace of blows upon their glossy hide ;
 And to each low command he spoke, the leader's nervous ear
 Bent eager, as a lover waits his mistress' voice to hear.

With ringing crack the leathern whip, that else had idly hung,
Kept time for many a rapid mile to English songs he sung ;
And yet, despite his smile, he seemed a lonely man to be,
With not one soul to claim him kin on this side of the sea.

But after I had known him long, one mellow evening time
He told me of his English Rose who withered in her prime ;
And how, within a churchyard green, he laid her down to rest
With her sweet babe, a blighted bud, upon her frozen breast.

" I could not stay," he said, " where she had left me all alone !
The very hedge-rose that she loved, I could not look upon !
I could not hear the mavis sing, or see the long grass wave,
And every little daisy-bank seemed but my darling's grave !

" Yet, somehow—why, I cannot tell—but when I wandered here,
I seemed to bring her with me, too, that once had been so dear !
I love these mountain summits, where the world is in the sky,
For she is in it, too—my love !—and so I bring her nigh."

Next week I rode with Jem again. The coach was full that day,
And there were little children there, that pleased us with their
play.

A sweet-faced mother brought her pair of rosy, bright-eyed girls,
And boy, like one I left at home, with silken yellow curls.

We took fresh horses at Girard's, and as he led them out—
A vicious pair they seemed to me—I heard the hostler shout,
" You always want good horses, Jem ! Now you shall have your
way !

Try these new beauties ; for we sold your old team yesterday ! "

O'er clean-cut limb a sloping flank, arched neck and tossing head,
I marked Jem run his practiced eye, though not a word he said ;
Yet, as he clambered to his seat, and took the reins once more,
I saw a look upon his face it had not worn before.

The hostler open flung the gates. " Now, Tempest, show your
pace ! "

He cried. And with a careless hand he struck the leader's face,
The horse, beneath the sportive blow, reared as if poison stung,
And, with his panic-stricken mates, to a mad gallop sprung !

We thundered through the gate, and out upon the stony road ;
From side to side the great coach lurched, with all its priceless
load ;

Some cried aloud for help, and some, with terror-frozen tongue,
Clung, bruised and faint in every limb, the weaker to the strong !

And men who oft had looked on death, unblanched, by blood or
field,

When every nerve, to do and dare, by agony was steeled,
Now moaned aloud, or gnashed their teeth in helpless rage,
To die, at whim of maddened brutes, like vermin in a cage !

Too well, alas ! too well I knew the awful way we went ;
The little stretch of level road, and then the steep descent ;
The boiling stream that seethed and roared far down the rocky
ridge,
With death, like old Horatius, grim waiting at the bridge !

But, suddenly above the din, a voice rang loud and clear,
We knew it well, the driver's voice—without one note of fear !
Some strong, swift angel's lips might thrill with such a clarion cry ;
The voice of one who put for aye all earthly passion by.

"Still ! for your lives, and listen ! See yon farmhouse by the way,
And piled along the field in front the shocks of new mown hay !
God help me turn my horses there ! And when I give the word,
Leap on the hay ! Pray, every soul, to Him who Israel heard !"

Within, the coach was still ! 'Tis strange, but never till I die,
Shall I forget the fields that day, the color of the sky,
The summer breeze that brought the first sweet perfume of the
hay,
The bobolink, that in the grass would sing its life away.

One breathless moment bridged the space that lay between, and
then

Jem drew upon the straining reins with all the strength of ten !
"Hold fast the babes !" More close I clasped the fair boy at my
side.

"Let every nerve be steady now !" and "Jump for life !" he
cried.

Saved ! every soul ! Oh ! dizzy—sweet life rushed in every vein,
To us, who from that fragrant bed rose up to hope again !
But, 'mid the smiles and grateful tears that mingled on each
cheek,

A sudden, questioning horror grew, that none would dare to speak !

Too soon the answer struck our ears ! . One moment's hollow roar
Of flying hoofs upon the bridge—an awful crash that tore
The very air in twain—and then, through all the world grown
still,

I only heard the bobolink go singing at his will !

I was the first man down the cliff. There's little left to tell !
We found him lying, breathing yet and conscious, where he fell.
The question in his eager eyes I answered with a word.

“Safe !” Then he smiled and whispered low some words I
scarcely heard.

We would have raised him, but his lips grew white with agony.
“Not yet ! It will be over soon !” he whispered, “Wait with
me !”

Then—lower—smiling still ! “It is my last ride, friends ; but I
Have done my duty, and God knows I do not fear to die !”

He closed his eyes. We watched his life slip like an ebbing tide,
Far out upon the Infinite, where all our hopes abide.

He spoke but once again, a name not meant for mortal ears—
“My Rose !” She must have heard that call amid the singing
spheres.

MARY A. STANSBURY.

ONE DAY SOLITARY.

I AM all right ! Good-bye, old chap !
Twenty-four hours, that won't be long ;
Nothing to do but take a nap,
And—say ! can a fellow sing a song ?

Will the light fantastic be in order—

A pigeon-wing on your pantry floor?

What are the rules for a regular boarder?

Be quiet? All right! Cling-clang goes the door.

Clang-clink the bolts, and I am locked in ;

Some pious reflection and repentance

Come next, I suppose, for I just begin

To perceive the sting in the tail of my sentence—

“One day whereof shall be solitary.”

Here I am at the end of my journey,

And—well, it ain't jolly, not so very—

I'd like to throttle that sharp attorney !

He took my money, the very last dollar,

Didn't leave me so much as a dime,

Not enough to buy me a paper collar

To wear at my trial ; he knew all the time

'Twas some that I got for the stolen silver

Why hasn't he been indicted, too? .

If he doesn't exactly rob and pilfer,

He lives by the plunder of them that do.

Then didn't it put me into a fury,

To see him step up, and laugh and chat

With the county attorney, and joke with the jury

When all was over, then go back for his hat

While Sue was sobbing to break her heart,

And all I could do was to stand and stare !

He had pleaded my cause, he had played his part,

And got his fee—and what more did he care?

It's droll to think how, just out yonder,

The world goes jogging on just the same ;

Old men will save, and boys will squander,

And fellows will play at the same old game

Of get-and-spend—to-morrow, next year—

And drink and carouse, and who will there be

To remember a comrade buried here?

I am nothing to them, they are nothing to me.

And Sue—yes, she will forget me, too,
I know; already her tears are drying.
I believe there is nothing that girl can do
So easy as laughing, and lying, and crying.
She clung to me well while there was hope,
Then broke her heart in that last wild sob;
But she ain't going to sit and mope
While I am at work on a five years' job.

They'll set me to learning a trade, no doubt,
And I must forget to speak or smile
I shall go marching in and out,
One of a silent, tramping file
Of felons, at morning, and noon, and night—
Just down to the shops, and back to the cells,
And work with a thief at left and right,
And feed, and sleep, and—nothing else.

Was I born for this? Will the old folks know?
I can see them now on the old home-place;
His gait is feeble, his step is slow,
There's a settled grief in his furrowed face;
While she goes wearily groping about
In a sort of a dream, so bent, so sad!
But this wont do! I must sing and shout,
And forget myself, or else go mad.

I won't be foolish; although for a minute
I was there in my little room once more.
What wouldn't I give just now to be in it?
The bed is yonder, and there is the door;
The Bible is here on the neat white stand,
The summer sweets are ripening now;
In the flickering light I reach my hand
From the window, and pluck them from the bough.

When I was a child: (Oh, well for me
And them if I had never been older!)
When he told me stories on his knee,
And tossed me and carried me on his shoulder;

When she knelt down and heard my prayer,
 And gave me, in my bed, my good-night kiss—
 Did they ever think that all their care
 For an only son could come to this?

Foolish again! No sense in tears
 And gnashing the teeth: and yet, somehow,
 I haven't thought of them so for years;
 I never knew them, I think, till now.
 How fondly, how blindly, they trusted me!
 When I should have been in my bed asleep,
 I slipped from the window, and down the tree,
 And sowed for the harvest which now I reap.

And Jennie—how could I bear to leave her?
 If I had but wished—but I was a fool!
 My heart was filled with a thirst and a fever,
 Which no sweet airs of heaven could cool.
 I can hear her asking: "Have you heard?"
 But mother falters and shakes her head;
 "O Jennie! Jennie! never a word!
 What can it mean? He must be dead!"

Light-hearted, a proud, ambitious lad,
 I left my home that morning in May;
 What visions, what hopes, what plans I had!
 And what have I—where are they all—to-day?
 Wild fellows, and wine, and debts, and gaming,
 Disgrace, and the loss of place and friend;
 And I was an outlaw, past reclaiming;
 Arrest and sentence, and—this is the end!

Five years! Shall ever I quit this prison?
 Homeless, an outcast, where shall I go?
 Return to them, like one arisen
 From the grave, that was buried long ago?
 All is still; 'tis the close of the week;
 I slink through the garden, I stop by the well,
 I see him totter, I hear her shriek!—
 What sort of a tale will I have to tell?

But here I am ! What's the use of grieving ?

Five years—will it be too late to begin ?

Can sober thinking and honest living

Still make me the man I might have been ?

I'll sleep :—Oh, would I could wake tomorrow

In that old room, to find, at last,

That all my trouble and all my sorrow

Are only a dream of the night that is past.

J. T. TROWBRIDGE.

GREENWOOD CEMETERY.

(BROOKLYN, N. Y.)

HERE are the houses of the dead. Here youth
And age and manhood, stricken in his strength,
Hold solemn state and awful silence keep,
While Earth goes murmuring in her ancient path,
And troubled Ocean tosses to and fro
Upon his mountainous bed impatiently ;
And many stars may worship musical
In the dim-aisled abyss, and over all
The Lord of Life, in meditation sits
Changeless, alone, beneath the large white dome
Of immortality.

I pause and think
Among these walks lined by the frequent tombs ;
For it is very wonderful. Afar
The populous city lifts its tall, bright spires,
And snowy sails are glancing on the bay,
As if in merriment—but here all sleep ;
They sleep, these calm, pale people of the past :
Spring plants her rosy feet on their dim homes—
They sleep ! Sweet summer comes and calls, and calls

With all her passionate poetry of flowers
 Wed to the music of the soft south-wind—
 They sleep! The lonely Autumn sits and sobs
 Between the cold white tombs, as if her heart
 Would break—they sleep! Wild winter comes and chants
 Majestical the mournful sagas learned
 Far in the melancholy North, where God
 Walks forth alone upon the desolate seas—
 They slumber still !

Sleep on, ye passionless dead !

Ye make our world sublime : ye have a power
 And majesty the living never hold.
 Here Avarice shall forget his den of gold,
 And here hot Hate his crouching foe.
 Ambition here shall lean
 Against Death's shaft, veiling the stern, bright eye
 That, overbold, would take the height of gods,
 And know Fame's nothingness. The sire shall come,
 The matron and the child, through many years,
 To this fair spot, whether the plumed hearse
 Moves slowly through the winding walks, or Death
 For a brief moment pauses : all shall come
 To feel the touching eloquence of graves.
 And therefore it was well for us to clothe
 The place with beauty. No dark terror here
 Shall chill the generous tropic of the soul,
 But Poetry and her starred comrade Art
 Shall make a sacred country of the dead
 Magnificent. The fragrant flowers shall smile
 Over the low, green graves ; the trees shall shake
 Their soul-like cadences upon the tombs ;
 The little lake set in a paradise
 Of wood, shall be a mirror to the moon
 What time she looks from her imperial tent
 In long delight at all below ; the sea
 Shall lift some stately dirge he loves to breathe
 Over dead nations, while calm sculptures stand

On every hill, and look like spirits there
That drink the harmony. Oh, it is well !
Why should a darkness scowl on any spot
Where man grasps immortality ? Light, light,
And art, and poetry, and eloquence,
And all that we call glorious are its dower.

WILLIAM WALLACE.

THE FIRST QUARREL.

“Wait a little,” you say ; right ; an’ I work an’ I wait to the end.
I am all alone in this world, an’ you are my only friend.

Doctor, if you can wait, I’ll tell you a tale o’ my life.
When Harry an’ I were children, he call’d me his own little wife ;
I was happy when I was with him, an’ sorry when he was away,
An’ when we play’d together, I loved him better than play ;
He workt me the daisy chain—he made me the cowslip ball,
He fought the boys that were rude, an’ I loved him better than all.
Passionate girl tho’ I was, an’ often at home in disgrace,
I never could quarrel with Harry—I had but to look in his face.

There was a farmer in Dorset of Harry’s kin, that had need
Of a good stout lad at his farm ; he sent, an’ the father agreed ;
So Harry was bound to the Dorsetshire for year an’ for years ;
I walked with him down to the quay, poor lad, an’ we parted in
tears.

The boat was beginning to move, we heard them a-ringing the
bell,

“I’ll never love any but you, God bless you, my own little Nell.”

And years went over till I that was little had grown so tall,
The men would say of the maids, “Our Nell’s the flower of ’em
all.”

I didn’t take heed o’ them, but I taught myself all I could
To make a good wife for Harry, when Harry came home for good.

Often I seem'd unhappy, and often as happy too,
 For I heard it abroad in the fields, "I'll never love any but you ;"
 "I'll never love any but you," the morning song of the lark,
 "I'll never love any but you," the nightingale's hymn in the dark.

And Harry came home at last, but he look'd at me sidelong and
 shy,
 Vext me a bit, till he told me so many years had gone by,
 I had grown so handsome and tall—that I might ha' forgot him
 somehow—
 For he thought—there were other lads—he was fear'd to look at
 me now.

Hard was the frost in the field, we were married o' Christmas day,
 Married among the red berries, and all as merry as May—
 Those were pleasant times, my house an' my man were my pride,
 We seem'd like ships i' the Channel a-sailing with wind an' tide.

But work was scant in the isle, tho' he tried the villages round,
 So Harry went over the Solent to see if work could be found ;
 An' he wrote "I ha' six weeks' work, little wife, so far as I know;
 I'll come for an hour tomorrow, an' kiss you before I go."

So I set to righting the house, for wasn't he coming that day?
 An' I hit on an old deal-box that was push'd in a corner away,
 It was full of old odds an' ends, an' a letter along wi' the rest,
 I had better ha' put my naked hand in a hornet's nest.

"Sweetheart"—this was the letter—this was the letter I read—
 "You promised to find me work near you, an' I wish I was dead—
 Didn't you kiss me an' promise? you haven't done it, my lad,
 An' I almost died o' your going away, an' I wish that I had."

I too wish that I had—in the pleasant times that had past,
 Before I quarrel'd with Harry—my quarrel—the first an' the last.
 For Harry came in, an' I flung him the letter that drove me wild,
 An' he told it me all at once, as simple as any child ;
 "What can it matter my lass, what I did wi' my single life?
 I ha' been as true to you as ever a man to his wife ;

An' *she* was'nt one of the worst." "Then," I said, "I'm none o' the best."

An' he smiled at me, "Ain't you, my love? Come, come, little wife, let it rest !

The man isn't like the woman, no need to make such a stir."

But he anger'd me all the more, an' I said, "You were keeping with her,

When I was a-loving you all along an' the same as before."

An' he didn't speak for awhile, an' he anger'd me more and more.

Then he patted my hand in his gentle way, "Let bygones be !"

"Bygones ! you kept yours hush'd," I said, "when you married me !

Bygones ma' be come-agains ! I hate her—an' I hate you!"

Ah, Harry, my man, you had better ha' beaten me black an' blue

Than ha' spoken as kind as you did, when I were so crazy wi' spite,

"Wait a little, my lass, I am sure it'll all come right."

An' he took three turns in the rain, an' I watched him, an' when he came in

I felt that my heart was hard ; he was all wet thro' to the skin,

An' I never said "off wi' the wet," I never said "on wi' the dry,"

So I knew my heart was hard, when he came to bid me good-bye.

"You said that you hated me, Ellen, but that isn't true, you know ;

I am going to leave you a bit—you'll kiss me before I go?"

"I had sooner be cursed than kissed !"—I didn't know well what I meant.

But I turned my face from *him*, and he turned *his* face an' he went.

And then he sent me a letter, "I've gotten my work to do ;

You wouldn't kiss me, my lass, an' I never loved any but you ;

I am sorry for all the quarrel, an' sorry for what she wrote,

I ha' six weeks' work in Jersey, an' go to-night by the boat."

An' the wind began to rise, an' I thought of him out at sea,

An' I felt I had been to blame ; he was always kind to me.

"Wait a little, my lass, I am sure it'll all come right"—

An' the boat went down that night—the boat went down that night.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

NOT FOREVER.

I do not think all hope and love
 For evermore abide
 In that low grave they made for her
 Upon the green hill-side—
 I do not deem the world less fair,
 Because my darling died !

For now some sweeter element
 Pervades the round of space ;
 A rarer tint is on the flowers—
 The sunshine hath new grace ;
 A softer glory haunts the dawn,
 Like that upon the face !

A strange mysterious brightness broods
 On hill-top, holt and lea—
 Soft as the light that never yet
 Hath shone on land or sea—
 God's welcoming smile, that touched her face
 That day—it seems to be !

I love to think that year by year
 The grasses greener grow ;
 That God hath given a tenderer grace
 To all the flowers that blow,
 Because *her* gentle feet once trod
 These tangled ways below !

I love to think the hills of heaven
 Bask in diviner air—
 The river of Life, whose every lisp
 And murmur is a prayer,
 Glides with gladder harmony.
 Because my love is there !

Oh! Love and Hope that cannot tire
 Thro' all the years to be!
 Oh! Faith that shines a steadfast star,
 Above the crystal sea!
Somewhere in God's infinitude
 My darling waits for me!

EMMA ALICE BROWNE.

ROMEO AND JULIET (ALTERED).

IT WAS in ancient Italy a deadly hatred grew
 Between old Caleb Capulet and Moses Montague;
 Now Moses had an only son, a little dapper beau,
 The pet of all the pretty girls, by name young Romeo.
 And Caleb owned a female girl, just home from boarding-school;
 Miss Juliet was her Christian name—for short they called her Jule.
 To bring the lady out, he gave a ball at his plantation,
 And thither went young Romeo, without an invitation;
 One Tybalt, kinsman to the host, began to growl and pout,
 And watched an opportunity to put the fellow out;
 But Caleb saw the game, and said: "Now cousin, don't be cross;
 Behave yourself or leave the room; are you or I the boss?"
 When Juliet saw Romeo, his beauty did enchant her;
 And Romeo he fell in love with Juliet instant.
 Now, lest their dads should spoil the fun, but little time they
 tarried,
 Away to Squire Lawrence sped, and secretly were married.
 Oh, cruel fate! that day the groom met Tybalt in the square,
 And Tybalt being very drunk, at Romeo did swear.
 Then Romeo his weapon drew, a knife of seven blades,
 And made a gap in Tibby's ribs, that sent him to the shades.
 The watchman came; he took to flight, down alley, street and
 square;

The Charlies ran, o'ertook their man, and took him 'fore the Mayor.

Then spoke the worthy magistrate : (and savagely did frown)

" Young man, you'll have to lose your head, or else vamose the town ;"

He chose the last, and left his bride in solitude to pine ;

" Ah me !" said he, " our honeymoon is nothing but moonshine ;"

And then, to make the matter worse, her father did embarrass

By saying she must give her hand to noble County Paris.

" This suitor is a goodly youth ; today he comes to woo ;

If you refuse the gentleman, I'll soundly wollop you."

She went to 'Squire Lawrence's cell, to know what must be done ;

The 'Squire bade her go to bed and take some laudanum,

" Twill make you sleep, and seem as dead ; thus canst thou dodge this blow ;

A humbugged man your pa will be—a blest one Romeo."

She drank, she slept, grew wan and cold ; they buried her next day ;

That she'd piped out her lord got word, far off in Mantua ;

Quoth he, " Of life I've had enough ; I'll hire Bluffkin's mule,

Lay in a pint of baldface rum, and go tonight to Jule !"

Then rode he to the sepulchre, 'mong dead folks, bats, and creepers ;

And swallowed down the burning dose—when Juliet oped her peepers.

" Are you alive ? Or is't your ghost ? Speak quick, before I go."

" Alive !" she cried, " and kicking too ; art thou my Romeo ?"

" It is your Romeo, my faded little blossom ;

O Juliet ! is it possible that you were acting 'possum ?"

" I was indeed ; now let's go home ; pa's spite will have abated :

What ails you, love, you stagger so ; are you intoxicated ?"

" No, no, my duck ; I took some stuff that caused a little fit ;"

He struggled hard to tell her all, but couldn't, so he quit.

In shorter time than't takes a lamb to wag his tail, or jump,

Poor Romeo was stiff and pale as any whitewashed pump.

Then Juliet seized that awful knife, and in her bosom stuck it,

Let out a most terrific yell, fell down, and kicked the bucket.

THE CLOWN'S BABY.

IT WAS on the western frontier ;
The miners, rugged and brown,
Were gathered round the posters,
The circus had come to town !
The great tent shone in the darkness
Like a wonderful palace of light,
And rough men crowded the entrance—
Shows didn't come every night.

Not a woman's face among them ;
Many a face that was bad,
And some that were only vacant,
And some that were very sad.
And behind a canvas curtain,
In a corner of the place,
The clown, with chalk and vermillion,
Was "making up" his face.

A weary-looking woman,
With a smile that still was sweet,
Sewed on a little garment,
With a cradle at her feet.
Pantaloen stood ready and waiting ;
It was time for the going on,
But the clown in vain searched wildly ;
The "property baby" was gone !

He murmured, impatiently hunting,
"It's strange that I cannot find—
There ! I've looked in every corner ;
It must have been left behind !"
The miners were stamping and shouting,
They were not patient men.
The clown bends over the cradle—
"I must take *you*, little Ben !"

The mother started and shivered,
 But trouble and want were near ;
 She lifted her baby gently ;
 " You'll be *very* careful, dear ?"
 " Careful ? You foolish darling,"—
 How tenderly it was said !
 What a smile shone through the chalk and paint,—
 " I love each hair of his head !"

The noise rose into an uproar,
 Misrule for the time was king,
 The clown, with a foolish chuckle,
 Bolted into the ring.
 But, as, with a squeak and flourish,
 The fiddles closed their tune,
 " You'll hold him as if he was made of glass ?"
 Said the clown to pantaloon.

The jovial fellow nodded ;
 " I've a couple myself," he said,
 " I know how to handle 'em, bless you !
 Old fellow, go ahead !"
 The fun grew fast and furious,
 And not one of all the crowd
 Had guessed that the baby was alive,
 When he suddenly laughed aloud.

Oh, that baby-laugh ! [It was echoed
 From the benches with a ring,
 And the roughest customer there sprang up
 With " Boys, it's the real thing !"
 The ring was jammed in a minute,
 Not a man that did not strive
 For " a shot at holding the baby,"
 The baby that was " alive !"

He was thronged by kneeling suitors
In the midst of the dusty ring,
And he held his court right royally,—
The fair little baby-king,—
Till one of the shouting courtiers,
A man with a bold, hard face,
The talk, for miles, of the country,
And the terror of the place,

Raised the little king to his shoulder,
And chuckled, "Look at that!"
As the chubby fingers clutched, his hair,
Then, "Boys, hand round the hat!"
There never was such a hatful
Of silver, and gold, and notes;
People are not always penniless
Because they don't wear coats!

And then, "Three cheers for the baby!"
I tell you, those cheers were meant,
And the way in which they were given
Was enough to raise the tent.
And then there was sudden silence,
And a gruff old miner said,
"Come boys, enough of this rumpus!
It's time it was put to bed."

So, looking a little sheepish,
But with faces strangely bright,
The audience, somewhat lingeringly,
Flocked out into the night,
And the bold-faced leader chuckled,—
"He wasn't a bit afraid!
He's as game as he is good-looking;
Boys, that was a show that *paid*!"

MARGARET VANDERGRIEF.

BEN-HUR'S CHARIOT RACE.

THE trumpet sounded short and sharp. The starters, one for each chariot, leaped down, ready to give assistance if any of the fours proved unmanageable. Again the trumpet blew, and simultaneously the gate-keepers threw the stalls open. Forth from each stall, like missiles in a volley from so many great guns, rushed the six contesting fours—the Corinthian's, Messala's, the Athenian's the Byzantine's, the Sidonian's, and Ben-Hur's—and up the vast assemblage rose and, leaping upon the benches, filled the circus with yells and screams. This was the time for which they had so patiently waited, this was the moment of supreme interest.

The competitors were under view from nearly every part of the circus, yet the race was not begun; they had first to make the chalked line, stretched for the purpose of equalizing the start, successfully. If it were dashed upon, discomfiture of man and horses might occur; on the other hand, to approach it timidly was to incur the hazard of being thrown behind in the beginning of the race—a certain loss of the great advantage of being next the wall on the inner line of the course.

Each driver looked first for the rope, then for the coveted inner line. With all six aiming at the same point and speeding furiously, a collision seemed inevitable. The crossing was about 250 feet in width, and quick the eye, steady the hand, unerring the judgment required. The fours neared the rope together. Ben-Hur was on the extreme left of the six. At Messala, who was more than an antagonist to him, he gave one searching look, and saw the soul of the man, cunning, cruel, desperate, in a tension of watchfulness and fierce resolve.

In that brief instant all his former relations with Messala came vividly before him. First, happy childhood when, loving and beloved, they played together. Then manhood that brought a change in Messala, and the Roman's inborn contempt of Jews asserted itself and broke the friendship. Then the bitter day when, by the accidental falling of a loose tile, the Roman procurator was nearly killed, and he, Ben-Hur, was accused of wilfully throwing the missile. One word from Messala would have saved the family

from ruin, but the word was not spoken. Nay more, it was Messala that urged on the Roman authorities in the unjust punishment and prevented even a fair trial of the case. It was Messala's influence that had banished him to the galleys for life, that had consigned his mother and sister to an uncertain fate, whose very uncertainty was more torturing than their certain death would have been. It was Messala that had stolen his property and with it bought the silence of the authorities on the unjust and cruel deeds; and was it not money that belonged to the House of Hur that Messala was betting with in this very race? It was his own bravery that had released him from the galley-life, where Messala even now supposed him to be, released him in time to take vengeance against Messala for his cruelty. Was it human nature to resist an opportunity like this? No. He would defeat, if possible, the haughty Roman publicly, a great disgrace in itself, and particularly desirable as Messala's entire fortune was at stake.

Ben-Hur felt his own resolution harden at these thoughts. At whatever cost he would humble his enemy. He saw that Messala's rush would, if there was no collision, and the rope fell, give him the wall. It is one thing to see a necessity and another to act upon it; Ben-Hur yielded the wall for the time. Just then the trumpeter blew a signal vigorously. The judges dropped the rope, and not an instant too soon, for the hoof of one of Messala's horses struck it as it fell. The Roman shook out his long lash, loosed the reins, leaned forward, and, with a triumphant shout, took the wall.

"Jove with us! Jove with us!" yelled the Roman faction, in a frenzy of delight.

"Jove with us!" screamed a young nobleman.

"He wins! Jove with us!" answered his associates, seeing Messala speed on.

Messala having passed, the Corinthian was the only contestant on the Athenian's right, and to that side he tried to turn his four; but as ill-fortune would have it, the wheel of the Byzantine, who was next on the left, struck the tail-piece of his chariot, knocking his feet from under him. There was a crash, a scream of rage and fear, and the unfortunate Athenian fell under the hoofs of his own steeds. Sanballat, a friend of Ben-Hur, turned to a group of Roman noblemen.

"A hundred sestertii on the Jew!" he cried.

"Taken!" answered one of the group.

"Another hundred on the Jew!" shouted Sanballat. Nobody appeared to hear him. The situation below was too absorbing, and they were too busy shouting, "Messala! Messala! Jove with us!"

While the spectators were shivering at the Athenian's mishap, and the Sidonian, Byzantine and Corinthian were striving to avoid involvement in the ruin, Ben-Hur drew head to the right, and, with all the speed of his Arabs, darted across the trails of his opponents, and took the course neck and neck with Messala, though on the outside. And now, racing together side by side, a narrow interval between them, the two neared the second goal. The pedestal of the three pillars there made a stone wall in the form of a half-circle, around which the course bent. Making this turn was considered the most telling test of a charioteer. A hush fell over the circus, so that for the first time in the race the rattle and clang of the cars plunging after the tugging steeds were heard. Then, it would seem, Messala observed Ben-Hur and recognized him; and at once the audacity of the man flamed out in an astonishing manner.

"Down Eros, up Mars!" he shouted, whirling his lash. "Down Eros, up Mars!" he repeated, and gave the Arab steeds of Ben-Hur a cut the like of which they had never known.

The blow was seen in every quarter. The silence deepened, and the boldest held his breath. The affrighted four sprang forward as with one impulse, and forward leaped the car. No hand had ever been layed upon them except in love. The car trembled with a dizzy lurch, but Ben-Hur kept his place, and gave the horses free rein, and called to them in soothing voice, trying to guide them round the dangerous turn; and before the fever of the people began to abate, he had back the mastery. Nor that only: on approaching the first goal, he was again side by side with Messala, bearing with him the sympathy and admiration of every one not a Roman. Even Messala with all his boldness felt it unsafe to trifle further.

On whirled the cars. Three rounds were concluded; still Messala held the inside position; still Ben-Hur moved with him side by side; still the other competitors followed as before. The

contest began to have the appearance of a double race—Messala and Ben-Hur in the first, the Corinthian, Sidonian and Byzantine in the second. In the fifth round the Sidonian succeeded in getting a place outside Ben-Hur, but lost it directly. The sixth round was entered upon without change of relative position. Gradually the speed had been quickened, and men and beasts seemed to know alike that the final crisis was near. The interest which from the beginning had centered chiefly in the struggle between the Roman and the Jew, with an intense and general sympathy for the latter, was fast changing to anxiety on his account. On all the benches the spectators bent forward motionless.

"A hundred sestertii on the Jew!" cried Sanballat to the Romans.

There was no reply.

"A talent, or five talents, or ten : choose ye !"

"I will take thy sestertii," answered a Roman youth.

"Do not so," interposed a friend.

"Why?"

"Messala hath reached his utmost speed. See him lean over his chariot-rim, the reins loose as flying ribbons, then look at the Jew!"

"By Hercules!" replied the youth, "I see, I see! If the gods help him not, he will be run away with by the Israelite. No, not yet! Look! Jove with us, Jove with us!"

If it were true that Messala had gained his utmost speed, he was slowly but certainly beginning to forge ahead. His horses were running with their heads low down; from the balcony their bodies appeared actually to skim the earth; their nostrils showed blood-red in expansion; their eyes seemed straining in their sockets. The good steeds were doing their best! How long could they keep the pace? It was but the commencement of the sixth round. On they dashed. As they neared the second goal, Ben-Hur, the expression of whose face revealed some daring plan about to be undertaken, turned in behind the Roman's car. The joy of the Messala faction reached its bound. They screamed, and howled, and tossed their colors, and Sanballat filled his tablets with their wagers. Ben-Hur was hardly holding a place at the tail of his enemy's car!

Along the home-stretch—sixth round—Messala leading, next

him, pressing close, Ben-Hur. Thus to the first goal, and round it. Messala, fearful of losing his place, hugged the stony wall with perilous clasp; a foot to the left, and he had been dashed to pieces; yet, when the turn was finished, no man, looking at the wheel-tracks of the two cars, could have said, here went Messala, there the Jew. They left but one trace behind them. All the people drew a long breath, for the beginning of the end was at hand. First the Sidonian gave the scourge to his four, and they dashed desperately forward, promising for an instant to go to the front. The effort ended in promise. Next, the Byzantine and the Corinthian each made the trial with like result, after which they were practically out of the race. Thereupon, all the factions except the Romans joined hope in Ben-Hur, and openly indulged their feeling.

"Ben-Hur! Ben-Hur!" they shouted. "Speed thee, Jew!"

"Take the wall now!"

"On! loose the Arabs! Give them reign and scourge!"

"Let Messala not have the turn on thee again. Now or never!"

Over the balcony they stooped low, stretching their hands imploringly to him. Either he did not hear or could not do better; for half-way round the course and he was still following; at the second goal even still no change!

And now, to make the turn, Messala began to draw in his left-hand steeds, which necessarily slackened their speed. His spirit was high; the Roman genius was still supreme. On the three pillars only 600 feet away were fame, fortune, promotion, and a triumph ineffably sweetened by hate—all in store for him! That moment Ben-Hur leaned forward over his Arabs, and gave them the reins. Out flew the many-folded lash in his hand; over the backs of the startled steeds it writhed and hissed, and hissed and writhed again and again; and though it fell not there were both sting and menace in its quick report. Instantly not one, but the four as one, answered with a leap that landed them alongside the Roman's car. Messala, on the perilous edge of the goal, heard but dared not look to see what the awakening portended. He was moving in a circle round the goal. To pass him, Ben-Hur had to cross the track in a forward direction. The thousands on the benches understood it all: they saw the four close outside Messala's

outer wheel, Ben-Hur's inner wheel behind the other's car ; but they had not seen the cunning touch of the reins by which, turning a little to the left, he caught Messala's fragile wheel with the iron-shod point of his axle, and crushed it. Then they heard a crash loud enough to send a thrill through the circus, and out over the course a spray of shining white and yellow flinders flew. Down on its right side toppled the bed of the Roman's chariot. There was a rebound as of the axle hitting the hard earth ; another and another ; then the car went to pieces, and Messala, entangled in the reins, pitched forward headlong, and lay still, crushed, bleeding, and crippled for life.

To increase the horror of the sight, the Sidonian, who had the wall next behind, could not stop or turn out. Into the wreck full speed he drove ; then over the Roman, and into the latter's four. He crawled out to see the Corinthian and the Byzantine go on down the course after Ben-Hur, who had not been an instant delayed.

The people arose, and leaped upon the benches, and shouted and screamed. But above the noises of the race arose one voice, that of Ben-Hur, calling to his steeds :

"On, Atair ! On, Rigel ! What, Antares ! dost thou linger now ? Good horse—oho Aldebaran ! I hear them singing in the tents. I hear the children singing, and the women—singing of the stars, of Atair, Antares, Rigel, Aldebaran, victory !—and the song will never end. Well done ! On, Antares ! The tribe is waiting for us, and the master is waiting ! 'Tis done ! 'tis done ! Ha, ha ! We have overthrown the proud. The hand that smote us is in the dust. Ours the glory ! Ha, ha !—steady ! The work is done—soho ! Rest !"

And Ben-Hur turned the goal of victory and revenge, and the race was won !

THE MISER AND PLUTUS.

THE wind is high—the window shakes :
With sudden start the miser wakes !
Along the silent room he stalks ;
Looks back and trembles as he walks !

Each lock, and ev'ry bolt he tries,
 In ev'ry crack and corner pries ;
 Then opes his chest with treasure stored,
 And stands with rapture o'er his hoard.
 But now with sudden qualms possessed,
 He wrings his hands—he beats his breast ;
 By conscience stung he wildly stares ;
 And thus his guilty soul declares :
 Had the deep earth her stores confined,
 This heart had known sweet peace of mind :
 But virtue's sold ! Good gods, what price
 Can recompense the pangs of vice ?
 O, bane of good ! seducing cheat !
 Can man, weak man, thy power defeat ?
 Gold banished honor from the mind,
 And only left the name behind ;
 Gold sowed the world with ev'ry ill ;
 Gold taught the murd'rer's sword to kill ;
 'Twas gold instructed coward hearts
 In treach'ry's more pernicious arts.
 Who can recount the mischief o'er ?
 Virtue resides on earth no more !



ASSISTING A POETESS.

“ IF YOU please, sir,” said the young lady timidly, as the exchange editor handed her a chair, “ I have composed a few verses, or partially composed them, and I thought you might help me finish them and then print them. Ma says they are real nice as far as they go, and pa takes your paper every day.”

She was a handsome creature, with beautiful blue eyes and a crowning glory as yellow as golden-rods. There was an expectant look on her face, a hopefulness that appealed to the holiest emotions, and the exchange editor made up his mind not to crush the longing of that pure heart if he never struck another lick,

"May I show you the poetry?" continued the ripe, red mouth. "You will see that I couldn't get the last lines of the verses and if you would please be so kind as to help me——"

Help her! Though he had never even read a line of poetry, the exchange editor felt the spirit of the divine art flood his soul as he yielded to the bewildering music. Help her! Well he should smile.

"The first verse runs like this," she went on, taking courage from his eyes:

"How softly sweet the autumn air,
The dying woodland fills,
And nature turns from restful care——"

"To anti-bilious pills," added the exchange editor with a jerk. "Just the thing. It rhymes and it's so. You take anybody now. Half the people you meet are——"

"I suppose you know best," interrupted the young girl. "I hadn't thought of it in that way, but you have a better idea of such things. Now the second verse is more like this:

"The dove-eyed kine upon the moor
Looked tender, meek and sad;
While from the valley comes the roar——"

"Of the matchless liver-pad!" roared the exchange editor. "There you get it. That finishes the second so as to match with the first. It combines the fashions with poetry, and carries the idea right home to the fireside. If I only had your ability in starting a verse, with my genius in winding it up, I'd quit the shears and open in the poetry business tomorrow."

"Think so?" asked the fair young lady. "It don't strike me as keeping up the theme."

"You don't want to. You want to break the theme here and there. The reader likes it better. Oh, yes! Where you keep up the theme it gets monotonous."

"Perhaps that's so," rejoined the beauty, brightening up. "I didn't think of that. Now I'll read the third verse:

"How sadly droops the dying day,
As night springs from the glen,
And moaning twilight seems to say——"

“ ‘The old man’s drunk again,’ wouldn’t do, would it?’ ” asked the exchange editor. Somebody else wrote that, and we might be accused of plagiarism. We must have this thing original. Suppose we say—now just suppose we say, Why did I spout my Ben?”

“Is that new?” inquired the sweet, rosy lips. “At least I never heard it before. I don’t know what it means.”

“New? ’Deed it’s new. Ben is the name for overcoat, and spout means to hock. ‘Why did I spout my Ben!’ means why did I wear my overcoat? That’s just what twilight would think of first, you know. Oh, don’t be afraid, that’s just immense!”

“Well, I’ll leave it to you,” said the glorious girl with a smile that pinned the exchange editor’s heart to his spine. “This is the fourth verse:

“ ‘The merry milkmaid’s somber song
Re-echoes from the rocks,
As silently she trips along—’ ”

“With holes in both her socks,—by Jove!” cried the delighted exchange editor. “You see——”

“Oh, no, no!” remonstrated the blushing maiden. “Not that.”

“Certainly,” protested the exchange editor warming up. “Nine to four she’s got ’em; and you get fidelity to fact with a wealth of poetical expression. The worst of poetry generally is, you can’t state things as they are. It ain’t like prose. But here we’ve busted all the established notions, and put up an actual existence with the veil of genuine poetry over it. I think that’s the best idea we’ve struck yet.”

“I don’t seem to look at it the way you do, but of course you are the best judge. Pa thought I ought to say:

“ ‘As silently she trips along
In autumn’s yellow tracks.’

Wouldn’t that do?”

“Do! Just look at it. Does tracks rhyme with rocks? Not in this paper it don’t. Besides, when you say ‘tracks’ and ‘rocks’ you give the expression of some fellow heaving things at another fellow who’s scratching for safety. ‘Socks,’ on the other hand,

rhymes with the 'rocks' and beautifies them, while it touches up the milkmaid, and by describing her condition shows her to be a child of the very nature you are showing up."

"I think you are right," said the sweet angel. "I'll tell pa where he was wrong. This is the way the fifth verse runs:

" 'And close behind, the farmer's boy
Trills forth his simple tunes ;
And walks beside the maiden coy—' "

"With ragged pantaloons! Done it myself; know just exactly how it is. Why, bless your heart, you——"

The beautiful vision that for a moment dawned upon him has left but the recollection in his heart of one sunbeam in his life, quenched by the shower of tears with which she denounced him as a "brute," and went out from him forever.

THE ENCHANTED SHIRT.

THE king was sick. His cheek was red,
And his eye was clear and bright ;
He ate and drank with a kingly zest,
And peacefully snored at night.

But he said he was sick—and a king should know ;
And doctors came by the score ;
They did not cure him. He cut off their heads,
And sent to the schools for more.

At last two famous doctors came,
And one was poor as a rat ;
He had passed his life in studious toil
And never found time to grow fat.

The other had never looked in a book ;
 His patients gave him no trouble ;
 If they recovered they paid him well,
 If they died, their heirs paid double.

Together they looked at the royal tongue,
 As the king on his couch reclined ;
 In succession they thumped his august chest,
 But no trace of disease could find.

The old sage said, " You're as sound as a nut."
 " Hang him up ! " roared the king in a gale—
 In a ten-knot gale of royal range ;
 The other grew a shadow pale ;

But he pensively rubbed his sagacious nose,
 And thus his prescription ran :
 " The king will be well if he sleeps one night
 In the shirt of a happy man."

Wide o'er the realm the couriers rode,
 And fast their horses ran,
 And many they saw, and to many they spake,
 But they found no happy man.

They found poor men who would fain be rich,
 And rich who thought they were poor ;
 And men who twisted their waists in stays,
 And women that short hose wore.

They saw two men by the roadside sit,
 And both bemoaned their lot ;
 For one had buried his wife, he said,
 And the other one had not.

At last they came to a village gate ;
 A beggar lay whistling there ;
 He whistled and sang and laughed, and rolled
 On the grass in the soft June air.

The weary couriers paused and looked
At the scamp so blithe and gay,
And one of them said, "Heaven save you, friend,
You seem to be happy to-day."

"Oh, yes, fair sirs," the rascal laughed,
And his voice ran free and glad;
"An idle man has so much to do
That he never has time to be sad."

"This is our man," the courier said,
Our luck has led us aright.
I will give you a hundred ducats, friend,
For the loan of your shirt to-night."

The merry blackguard lay back on the grass
And laughed till his face was black;
"I would do it, God wot," and he roared with fun,
"But I haven't a shirt to my back."

Each day to the king the reports came in
Of his unsuccessful spies,
And the sad panorama of human woes
Passed daily under his eyes.

And he grew ashamed of his useless life,
And his maladies hatched in gloom;
He opened the windows, and let in the air
Of the free heaven into his room;

And out he went into the world, and toiled
In his own appointed way,
And the people blessed him, the land was glad,
And the king was well and gay.

JOHN HAY.

THE ENGINEER'S STORY.

No, CHILDREN, my trips are over,
 The engineer needs rest ;
 My hand is shaky ; I'm feeling
 A tugging pain i' my breast ;
 But here, as the twilight gathers,
 I'll tell you a tale of the road,
 That'll ring in my head forever,
 Till it rests beneath the sod.

We were lumbering along in the twilight,
 The night was dropping her shade,
 And the "Gladiator" labored,—
 Climbing the top of the grade ;
 The train was heavily laden,
 So I let my engine rest,
 Climbing the grading slowly,
 Till we reached the upland's crest.

I held my watch to the lamplight,—
 Ten minutes behind the time !
 Lost in the slackened motion
 Of the upgrade's heavy climb ;
 But I knew the miles of the prairie
 That stretched a level track,
 So I touched the guage of the boiler,
 And pulled the lever back.

Over the rails a-gleaming,
 Thirty an hour, or so,
 The engine leaped like a demon,
 Breathing a fiery glow ;

But to me—a-hold of the lever—
It seemed a child alway,
Trustful and always ready
My lightest touch to obey.

I was proud, you know, of my engine,
Holding it steady that night,
And my eye on the track before us,
Ablaze with the Drummond light.
We neared a well-known cabin,
Where a child of three or four,
As the up train passed, oft called me,
A-playing around the door.

My hand was firm on the throttle
As she swept around the curve,
When something afar in the shadow
Struck fire through every nerve.
I sounded the brakes, and crashing
The reverse-lever down in dismay,
Groaning to Heaven,—eighty paces
Ahead was the child at its play !

One instant,—one, awful and only,
The world flew round in my brain,
And I smote my hand hard on my forehead
To keep back the terrible pain ;
The train I thought flying forever,
With mad irresistible roll,
While the cries of the dying, the night-wind
Swept into my shuddering soul.

Then I stood on the front of the engine,—
How I got there I never could tell,—
My feet planted down on the crossbar,
Where the cow-catcher slopes to the rail,
One hand firmly locked on the coupler,
And one held out in the night,
While my eye gauged the distance, and measured
The speed of our slackening flight.

My mind, thank the Lord ! it was steady ;
 I saw the curls of her hair,
 And the face that, turning in wonder,
 Was lit by the deadly glare.
 I know little more,—but I heard it,—
 The groan of the anguished wheels,
 And remember thinking—the engine
 In agony trembles and reels.

One rod ! To the day of my dying
 I shall think that the old engine reared back,
 And as it recoiled, with a shudder
 I swept my hand over the track ;
 Then darkness fell over my eyelids,
 But I heard the surge of the train,
 And the poor old engine creaking,
 As racked by a deadly pain.

They found us, they said on the gravel,
 My fingers enmeshed in her hair,
 And she on my bosom a-climbing,
 To nestle securely there.
 We were not much given to crying,—
 We men that run on the road,—
 But that night, they said, there were faces,
 With tears on them, lifted to God.

For years in the eve and the morning,
 As I neared the cabin again,
 My hand on the lever pressed downward
 And slackened the speed of the train.
 When my engine had blown her a greeting,
 She always would come to the door ;
 And her look with a fullness of heaven
 Blesses me evermore.

MRS. ROSA H. THORPE.

BURDOCK'S GOAT.

LAST Monday afternoon the eleven Boblink boys surrounded and caught an enormous, shaggy, strong-smelling goat of the masculine gender, turned him loose in Burdock's garden, nailed up the gate, and then went home and flattened their eleven little noses against the back windows to watch for coming events.

Before his goatship had spent three minutes in the garden, he had managed to make himself perfectly at home, pulled down the clothes-line, and devoured two lace collars, a pair of undersleeves, and a striped stocking, belonging to Mrs. Burdock, and was busily engaged sampling one of Burdock's shirts, when the servant girl came rushing out with a basket of clothes to hang up.

"The saints preserve us!" she exclaimed, coming to a dead halt, and gazing open-mouthed at the goat, who was calmly munching away at the shirt.

"Shew, shew, shew, there!" screamed the girl, setting down the basket, taking her skirts in both hands, and shaking them violently towards the intruder.

Then the goat who evidently considered her movements in the light of a challenge, suddenly dropped his wicked old head, and darted at her with the force of an Erie locomotive; and just one minute later by the city-hall clock that girl had tumbled a back somersault over the clothes-basket, and was crawling away on her hands and knees in search of a place to die, accompanied by the goat, who was butting her unmercifully every third second.

It is likely that he would have kept on butting her for the next two weeks, if Mrs. Burdock, who had been a witness of the unfortunate affair, had not armed herself with the family poker, and hurried to the rescue.

"Merciful goodness, Anne! do get up on your feet!" she exclaimed, aiming a blow at the beast's head, and missing it by a few of the shortest kind of inches. It was not repeated, owing to the goat suddenly rising up on his hind-feet, waltzing toward her, and striking her on the small of the back, hard enough to loosen her finger-nails, and destroy her faith in the blessed immortality.

When Mrs Burdock returned to her consciousness, she crawled out from behind the grindstone where she had been tossed, and made for the house ; stopping only once, when the goat came after, and butted her, head first, into the grape-arbor.

Once inside the house the door was locked, and the unfortunates sought the solitudes of their rooms, and such comfort as they could extract from rubbing and growling ; while the goat wandered around the garden like Satan in the Book of Job, seeking what he might devour ; and the eleven little Boblink boys fairly hugged themselves with pleasure over the performance.

By the time Burdock returned home that evening, and learned all the particulars from his arnica soaked wife, the goat had eaten nearly all the week's washing, half the grape-vine, and one side out of the clothes-basket.

"Why in thunder didn't you put him out, and not leave him there to destroy every thing?" he demanded angrily.

"Because he wouldn't go, and I was not going to stay there to be killed ; that's why," answered his wife excitedly.

"Wouldn't fiddlesticks !" he exclaimed, making for the garden, followed by the entire family.

"Get out of here, you thief !" he exclaimed as he came into the garden and caught sight of the shaggy and highly perfumed visitor.

The goat bit off another mouthful of the basket, and regarded him with a mischievous twinkle of his eye.

"You won't go, hey?" exclaimed Burdock, trying to kick a hole in the enemy's ribs. "I'll show you wheth—"

The sentence was left unfinished, as the goat just then dropped his head on Burdock's shirt bosom ; and before he could recover his equilibrium, he had been butted seven times in seven fresh spots, and was down on his knees, and crawling around in a very undignified manner, to the horror of the family, and the infinite glee of the eleven young Boblinks next door.

"Look out he don't hurt you !" screamed Mrs. Burdock as the goat sent him flying into a sand-pile.

When Burdock had got his bald head out of the sand, he was mud all over his clothes, and tried to catch the brute by the horns, but desisted after he had lost two front teeth, and been rolled in the mud.

"Don't make a living show of yourself before the neighbors!" advised his wife.

"Come in, pa, and let him be!" begged his daughter.

"Golly, dad, look out! he is comin' agin!" shouted his son enthusiastically.

Mr. Burdock waxed profane, and swore three-story oaths in such rapid succession that his family held their breaths; and a pious old lady, who lived in a house in the rear, shut up her windows, and sent out the cook for a policeman or a missionary.

"Run for it, dad!" advised his son a moment later, when the goat's attention seemed to be turned away.

Burdock sprang to his feet, and followed his offspring's suggestion. He was legging it in superb style, and the chances of his reaching the house seemed excellent, when the fragrant brute suddenly clapped on more steam, gained rapidly, and darting between his legs, capsized him into the ash-box.

His family dragged him inside, another candidate for rubbing with arnica and a blessed haven of rest.

The back of the house has been hermetically sealed; and Burdock now proposes extending an invitation to the militia regiments of Boston to come down and practice marksmanship off the roof; promising to furnish a live goat for a target, and a silver napkin-ring as the first prize.



HOW WE KEPT THE DAY.

I.

THE great procession came up the street,
With clatter of hoofs and tramp of feet;
There was General Jones to guide the van
And Corporal Jinks, his right-hand man:
And each was riding his high horse,
And each had epaulets, of course;

And each had a sash of the bloodiest red,
And each had a shako on his head ;
And each had a sword by his left side,
And each had a mustache newly dyed ;

And that was the way

We kept the day,

They gave us—

Hurray! Hurray! Hurray!

(With a battle or two the histories say,)

Our national Independence!

II.

The great procession came up the street,
With loud de capo, and brazen repeat ;
There was Hans the leader, a Teuton born,
A sharp who worried the E flat horn ;
And Baritone Jake, and Alto Mike,
Who never played anything twice alike ;
And Tenor Tom, of conservative mind,
Who always came out a note behind ;
And Dick, whose tuba was seldom dumb,
And Bob who punished the big bass drum.
And when they stopped a minute to rest,
The martial band discoursed its best ;
The ponderous drum and the pointed fife,
Proceeded to roll and shriek for life ;
And “Bonaparte Crossed the Rhine,” anon,
And “The Girl I left behind me” came on ;

And that was the way

The bands did play,

On the loud, high-toned, harmonious day,

That gave us—

Hurray! Hurray! Hurray!

(With some music of bullets, our sires would say,)

Our glorious Independence!

III.

The great procession came up the street,
With a wagon of virgins, sour and sweet ;
Each bearing the bloom of recent date,
Each *misrepresenting* a single State.
There was California, pious and prim,
And Louisiana, humming a hymn ;
The Texas lass was the smallest one—
Rhode Island weighed the tenth of a ton ;
The Empire State was pure as a pearl,
And Massachusetts a modest girl ;
Vermont was red as the blush of a rose—
And the goddess sported a turn-up nose ;
And looked, free sylph, where she painfully sat,
The worlds she would give to be out of that.

And in this way

The maidens gay,

Flashed up the street on the beautiful day,
That gave us—

Hurray! Hurray! Hurray!

(With some sacrifices, our mothers would say,)

Our glorious Independence !

IV.

The great procession came up the street,
With firemen uniformed flashily neat ;
There was Tubbs, the foreman with voice like five,
The happiest, proudest man alive ;
With a trumpet half as long as a gun,
Which he used for the glory of " No. 1 ;"
There was Nubbs, who had climbed a ladder high,
And saved a dog that was left to die ;
There was Cubbs who had dressed in black and blue
The eye of the foreman of " No. 2."
And each marched on with steady stride,
And each had a look of fiery pride ;
And each glanced slyly round : with a whim
That all the girls were looking at him ;

And that was the way,
 With grand display,
 They marched through the blaze of the glowing day,
 That gave us—

Hurray! Hurray! Hurray!
 (With some hot fighting, our fathers would say,)
 Our glorious Independence!

V.

The eager orator took the stand,
 In the cause of our great and happy land ;
 He aired his own political views,
 He told us all of the latest news :
 How the Boston folks one night took tea—
 Their grounds for steeping it in the sea ;
 What a heap of Britons our fathers did kill,
 At the little skirmish of Bunker Hill ;
 He put us all in anxious doubt
 As to how that matter was coming out ;
 And when at last he had fought us through
 To the bloodless year of '82,
 'Twas the fervent hope of every one
 That he, as well as the war, was done.
 But he continued to painfully soar
 For something less than a century more ;
 Until at last he had fairly begun
 The wars of eighteen sixty-one ;
 And never rested till 'neath the tree
 That shadowed the glory of Robert Lee.
 And then he inquired, with martial frown,
 " Americans, must we go down ? "
 And, as an answer from heaven were sent,
 The stand gave way, and down he went.
 A singer or two beneath him did drop—
 A big fat alderman fell atop ;
 And that was the way
 Our orator lay

Till we fished him out, on the eloquent day,
That gave us—

Hurray ! Hurray ! Hurray !

(With a clash of arms, Pat. Henry would say,)

Our wordy Independence !

VI.

The marshal his hungry compatriots led,
Where freedom's viands were thickly spread,
With all that men or women could eat,
From crisp to sticky—from sour to sweet.
There were chickens that scarce had learned to crow,
And veteran roosters of long ago ;
There was one old turkey, huge and fierce,
That was hatched in the days of President Pierce,
Of which, at last, with an ominous groan,
The parson essayed to swallow a bone ;
And it took three sinners, plucky and stout,
To grapple the evil and bring it out,
And still the dinner went merrily on,
And James and Lucy and Hannah and John
Kept winking their eyes and smacking their lips,
And passing the eatables into eclipse.

And that was the way

The grand array

Of victuals vanished on that day,

That gave us—

Hurray ! Hurray ! Hurray !

(With some starvation, the records say,)

Our well-fed Independence !

VII.

The people went home through the sultry night,
In a murky mood and a pitiful plight ;
Not more had the rockets' sticks gone down,
Than the spirits of them who had "been to town ;"
Not more did the fire-balloon collapse,
Than the pride of them who had known mishaps.

There were feathers ruffled and tempers roiled,
 And several bran-new dresses spoiled ;
 There were hearts that ached from envy's thorns,
 And feet that twinged with trampled corns ;
 There were joys proved empty through and through,
 And several purses empty too ;
 And some reeled homeward, muddled and late,
 Who hadn't taken their glory straight ;
 And some were fated to lodge, that night,
 In the city lock-up, snug and tight ;
 And that was the way
 The deuce was to pay,
 As it always is, at the close of the day,
 That gave us—

Hurray ! Hurray ! Hurray !
 (With some restrictions, the fault-finders say,)
 That which, please God, we will keep for aye—
 Our National Independence !

WILL CARLETON.

THE LEAK IN THE DIKE.

THE good dame looked from her cottage
 At the close of the pleasant day,
 And cheerily called to her little son
 Outside the door at play :
 "Come, Peter, come ! I want you to go,
 While there is light to see,
 To the hut of the blind old man who lives
 Across the dike, for me ;
 And take these cakes I made for him—
 They are hot and smoking yet ;
 You have time enough to go and come
 Before the sun is set."

Then the good-wife turned to her labor,
Humming a simple song,
And thought of her husband, working hard
At the sluices all day long ;
And set the turf a-blazing,
And brought the coarse, black bread ;
That he might find a fire at night,
And find the table spread.

And Peter left the brother,
With whom all day he had played,
And the sister who had watched their sports
In the willow's tender shade ;
And told them they'd see him back before
They saw a star in sight,
Though he wouldn't be afraid to go
In the very darkest night !

For he was a brave, bright fellow,
With eye and conscience clear ;
He could do whatever a boy might do,
And he had not learned to fear.
Why, he wouldn't have robbed a bird's nest,
Nor brought a stork to harm,
Though never a law in Holland
Had stood to stay his arm !

And now, with his face all glowing,
And eyes as bright as the day
With the thoughts of his pleasant errand,
He trudged along the way ;
And soon his joyous prattle
Made glad a lonesome place—
Alas ! if only the blind old man
Could have seen that happy face !
Yet he somehow caught the brightness
Which his voice and presence lent ;
And he felt the sunshine come and go
As Peter came and went.

And now, as the day was sinking,
 And the wind began to rise,
 The mother looked from her door again,
 Shading her anxious eyes ;
 And saw the shadows deepen,
 And birds to their home come back,
 But never a sign of Peter
 Along the level track.
 But she said, " He will come at morning,
 So I need not fret or grieve—
 Though it isn't like my boy at all
 To stay without my leave."

But where was the child delaying ?
 On the homeward way was he,
 And across the dyke while the sun was up
 An hour above the sea.
 He was stopping now to gather flowers,
 Now listening to the sound,
 As the angry waters dashed themselves
 Against their narrow bound.
 " Ah ! well for us," said Peter,
 " That the gates are good and strong,
 And my father tends them carefully,
 Or they would not hold you long !
 You're a wicked sea," said Peter ;
 " I know why you fret and chafe ;
 You would like to spoil our lands and homes ;
 But our sluices keep you safe !"

But hark ! Through the noise of waters
 Comes a low, clear, trickling sound ;
 And the child's face pales with terror,
 And his blossoms drop to the ground.
 He is up the bank in a moment,
 And, stealing through the sand,
 He sees a stream not yet so large
 As his slender, childish hand.

'Tis a leak in the dike ! He is but a boy,
Unused to fearful scenes ;
But, young as he is, he has learned to know
The dreadful thing that means.
A leak in the dike ! The stoutest heart
Grows faint that cry to hear,
And the bravest man in all the land
Turns white with mortal fear.
For he knows the smallest leak may grow
To a flood in a single night ;
And he knows the strength of the cruel sea
When loosed in its angry might.

And the boy ! He has seen the danger,
And, shouting with a wild alarm,
He forces back the weight of the sea
With the strength of his single arm !
He listens for the joyful sound
Of a footstep passing nigh ;
And lays his ear to the ground, to catch
The answer to his cry.
And he hears the rough winds blowing,
And the waters rise and fall,
But never an answer comes to him,
Save the echo of his call.
He sees no hope, no succor,
His feeble voice is lost ;
Yet what shall he do but watch and wait,
Though he perish at his post.

So faintly calling and crying
Till the sun is under the sea ;
Crying and moaning till the stars
Come out for company ;
He thinks of his brother and sister,
Asleep in their safe warm bed ;
He thinks of his father and mother,
Of himself as dying—and dead ;

And of how, when the night is over,
 They must come and find him at last :
 But he never thinks he can leave the place
 Where duty holds him fast.

The good dame in the cottage
 Is up and astir with the light,
 For the thought of her little Peter
 Has been with her all night.
 And now she watches the pathway,
 As yester eve she had done ;
 But what does she see so strange and black
 Against the rising sun ?
 Her neighbors are bearing between them
 Something straight to her door ;
 Her child is coming home, but not
 As he ever came before !

“ He is dead ! ” she cries ; “ my darling ! ”
 And the startled father hears,
 And comes and looks the way she looks,
 And fears the thing she fears :
 Till a glad shout from the bearers
 Thrills the stricken man and wife—
 “ Give thanks, for your son has saved our land,
 And God has saved his life ! ”
 So, there in the morning sunshine
 They knelt about the boy ;
 And every head was bared and bent
 In tearful, reverent joy.

PHOEBE CARY.

THE BALD-HEADED MAN.

THE other day a lady, accompanied by her son, a very small boy, boarded a train at Little Rock. The woman had a careworn expression hanging over her face like a tattered veil, and many of the rapid questions asked by the boy were answered by unconscious sighs.

"Ma," said the boy, "that man's like a baby, ain't he?" pointing to a bald-headed man sitting just in front of them.

"Hush!"

"Why must I hush?"

After a few moments' silence: "Ma, what's the matter with that man's head?"

"Hush, I tell you. He's bald."

"What's bald?"

"His head hasn't got any hair on it."

"Did it come off?"

"I guess so?"

"Will mine come off?"

"Some time, maybe."

"Then I'll be bald, won't I?"

"Yes."

"Will you care?"

"Don't ask so many questions."

After another silence, the boy exclaimed: "Ma, look at that fly on that man's head."

"If you don't hush, I'll whip you when we get home."

"Look! There's another fly. Look at 'em fight; look at 'em!"

"Madam," said the man, putting aside a newspaper and looking around, "what's the matter with that young hyena?"

The woman blushed, stammered out something, and attempted to smooth back the boy's hair.

"One fly, two flies, three flies," said the boy, innocently, following with his eyes a basket of oranges carried by a newsboy.

"Here, you young hedgehog," said the bald-headed man, "if you don't hush, I'll have the conductor put you off the train."

The poor woman not knowing what else to do, boxed the boy's ears, and then gave him an orange to keep him from crying.

"Ma, have I got red marks on my head?"

"I'll whip you again, if you don't hush."

"Mister," said the boy, after a short silence, "does it hurt to be bald-headed?"

"Youngster," said the man, "if you'll keep quiet, I'll give you a quarter."

The boy promised, and the money was paid over.

The man took up his paper and resumed his reading.

"This is my bald-headed money," said the boy. "When I get bald-headed, I'm going to give boys money. Mister, have all bald-headed men got money?"

The annoyed man threw down his paper, arose, and exclaimed: "Madam, hereafter when you travel, leave that young gorilla at home. Hitherto, I always thought that the old prophet was very cruel for calling the bears to kill the children for making sport of his head, but now I am forced to believe that he did a Christian act. If your boy had been in the crowd, he would have died first. If I can't find another seat on this train, I'll ride on the cow-catcher rather than remain here."

"The bald-headed man is gone," said the boy; and as the woman leaned back a tired sigh escaped from her lips.

Little Rock Gazette.

MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS.

IT WAS a laboring bark that slowly held its way,
 And o'er its lee the coast of France in the light of evening lay;
 And on its deck a lady sat, who looked with tearful gaze
 Upon the fast receding hills, within the distant haze.
 No marvel that the lady wept—there was no land on earth
 She loved like that dear land, though she owed it not her birth;
 It was her mother's land, the land of childhood and of friends—
 It was the land where she had found for all her griefs amends—
 The land where her dead husband slept—the land where she had
 known
 The tranquil convent's hushed repose, and the splendors of a
 throne:
 No marvel that the lady wept—it was the land of France—
 The chosen home of chivalry, the garden of romance!
 The past was bright, like those dear hills so far behind her bark;
 The future, like the gathering night, was ominous and dark!
 One gaze again—one long, last gaze—"Adieu, dear France, to
 thee!"
 The breeze comes forth—she's there alone, upon the wide, wide
 sea.

The scene was changed. It was an eve of raw and surly mood,
And in a turret-chamber high of ancient Holyrood
Sat Mary, listening to the rain, and sighing with the winds,
That seemed to suit the stormy state of men's uncertain minds.
The touch of care had blanched her cheek—her smile was sadder

now,

The weight of royalty had pressed too heavy on her brow ;
And traitors to her councils came, and rebels to the field ;
The Stuart SCEPTRE well she swayed, but the SWORD she could
not wield.

She thought of all her blighted hopes—the dreams of youth's
brief day,

And summoned Rizzio with his flute, and bade the minstrel play
The songs she loved in early years—the songs of gay Navarre,
The songs, perchance, that erst were sung by gallant Chatelar ;
They half beguiled her of her cares, they soothed her into smiles.
They won her thoughts from bigot zeal, and fierce domestic broils ;
But hark ! the tramp of armed men ! the Douglas' battle cry !
They come, they come !—and lo ! the scowl of Ruthven's hollow
eye !

Around an unarmed man they crowd—Ruthven in mail complete,
George Douglas Ker of Fawdonside and Rizzio at their feet !
With rapiers drawn and pistols bent they seized their wretched
prey.

Wrenched Mary's garments from his grasp, and stabbed him where
he lay.

I saw George Douglas raise his arm, I saw his dagger gleam ;
Then sounded Rizzio's dying cry and Mary's piteous scream.
I saw her writhe in Darnley's arms as in a serpent's fold :
The coward ! he was pale as death, but would not loose his hold.
Then Mary Stuart dashed aside the burning tears that fell :
“ Now for my father's arm ! ” she gasped ; “ my woman's heart
farewell ! ”

The scene was changed. It was a lake, with one small lonely
isle,

And there, within the prison-walls of its baronial pile,
Stern men stood menacing their Queen, till she should stoop to sign
The traitorous scroll that snatched the crown from her ancestral
line.

My lords, my lords!" the captive said, "were I but once more free,
 With ten good knights on yonder shore, to aid my cause and me,
 That parchment would I rend and give to every breeze that blows,
 And reign a queen, a Stuart queen, in spite of all my foes."
 A red spot burned upon her cheek—streamed her rich tresses down,
 She wrote the words—she stood erect—a Queen without a crown.

The scene was changed. A royal host a royal banner bore,
 And the faithful of the land stood round their smiling Queen once
 more :

She stayed her steed upon a hill—she saw them marching by—
 She heard their shouts—she read success in every flashing eye.
 The tumult of the strife begins—it roars—it dies away ;
 And Mary's troops and banners now, oh, where and what are they ?
 Scattered, struck down, or flying far, defenseless and undone—
 Alas ! to think what she has lost, to see what guilt has won !
 —Away ! away ! her gallant steed must act no laggard's part ;
 Yet vain his speed to bear her from the anguish at her heart.

Last scene of all. Beside the block a sullen headsman stood.
 Gleamed in his hand the murderous axe, that soon must drip with
 blood.
 With slow and steady step there came a lady through the hall,
 And breathless silence chained the lips and touched the hearts of
 all.

I knew that queenly form again, though blighted was its bloom—
 I saw that grief had decked it out—an offering for the tomb !
 I knew the eye though faint its light, that once so brightly shone ;
 I knew the voice, still musical, that thrilled with every tone.
 I knew the ringlets, almost gray, once threads of living gold ;
 I knew that bounding grace of step—that symmetry of mould !
 Even now I see her far away, in that calm convent aisle,
 I hear her chant her vesper-hymn, I mark her holy smile—
 Even now I see her bursting forth, upon the bride morn,
 A new star in the firmament, to light and glory born !
 Alas ! the change !—her daring foot had touched a triple throne,
 Now see her on the scaffold stand, beside the block, alone !

The little dog that licks her hand—the last of all the crowd
Who sunned themselves beneath her glance, and round her foot-
steps bowed !
—Her neck is bared—the blow is struck—the soul has passed
away !
The bright, the beautiful, is now a bleeding piece of clay !
H. G. BELL.

THE YOUNG GRAY HEAD.

I'm thinking that to-night, if not before,
There'll be wild work. Dost hear old Chewton roar ?
It's brewing up down westward ; and look there !
One of those sea gulls ! ay, there goes a pair ;
And such a sudden thaw ! If rain comes on,
As threats, the water will be out anon.
That path by the ford is a nasty bit of way,—
Best let the young ones bide from school to-day.

The children join in this request ; but the mother resolves that
they shall set out—the two girls, Lizzy and Jenny, the one five,
the other seven. As the dame's will was law, so—

One last fond kiss—
“God bless my little maids,” the father said—
And cheerily went his way to win their bread.

Prepared for their journey, they depart, with the mother's
admonition to the elder :

“Now, mind and bring
Jenny safe home,” the mother said. “Don't stay
To pull a bough or berry by the way ;
And when you come to cross the ford, hold fast
Your little sister's hand till you're quite past ;
That plank is so crazy, and so slippery,

.

If not overflowed, the stepping-stones will be ;
 But you're good children—steady as old folk—
 I'd trust ye anywhere." Then Lizzy's cloak—
 A good gray duffle—lovingly she tied,
 And amply little Jenny's lack supplied
 With her own warmest shawl. "Be sure," said she,
 "To wrap it round, and knot it carefully,
 Like this, when you come home, just leaving free
 One hand to hold by. Now, make haste away ;
 Good will to school, and then good right to play."

The mother watches them with foreboding, though she knows
 not why. In a little while the threatened storm sets in. Night
 comes, and with it comes the father from his daily toil ;

There's a treasure hidden in his hat—
 A plaything for his young ones—he has found
 A dormouse nest ; the living ball coiled round
 For its long winter sleep : and all his thought,
 As he trudged stoutly homeward, was of naught
 But the glad wonderment in Jenny's eyes,
 And graver Lizzy's quieter surprise.
 When he should yield, by guess, and kiss, and prayer,
 Hard won, the frozen captive to their care.

No little faces greet him as wont at the threshold ; and to his
 hurried question—

"Are they come?" 'twas "no."
 To throw his tools down, hastily unhook
 The old cracked lantern from its dusty nook,
 And, while he lit it, speak a cheering word
 That almost choked him, and was scarcely heard,
 Was but a moment's act, and he was gone
 To where a fearful foresight led him on.

A neighbor goes with him, and the faithful dog follows the child-
 ren's tracks.

"Hold the light
 Low down, he's making for the water. Hark !
 I know that whine ; the old dog's found them, Mark ;"

So speaking, breathlessly he hurried on
Toward the old crazy foot bridge. It was gone !
And all his dull, contracted light could show,
Was the black void, and dark swollen stream below.
“ Yet there’s life somewhere, more than Tinker’s whine,
That’s sure,” said Mark. “ So, let the lantern shine
Down yonder. There’s the dog—and hark !”
“ O dear !”

And a low sob came faintly on the ear,
Mocked by the sobbing gust. Down, quick as thought,
Into the stream leaped Ambrose, where he caught
Fast hold of something—a dark, huddled heap—
Half in the water, where ’twas scarce knee-deep
For a tall man, and half above it propped
By some old ragged side-piles, that had stopped,
Endways, the broken plank, when it gave way
With the two little ones, that luckless day.

“ My babes, my lambkins !” was the father’s cry ;
One little voice made answer, “ Here am I ;”
’Twas Lizzy’s. There she crouched, with face as white,
More ghastly, by the flickering lantern light,
Than sheeted corpse ; the pale blue lips drawn tight,
Wide parted, showing all the pearly teeth,
And eyes on some dark object underneath,
Washed by the turbid waters, fixed like stone ;
One arm and hand stretched out, and rigid grown,
Grasping, as in the death-gripe, Jenny’s frock.
There *she* lay, *drowned*. * * *

They lifted her from out her watery bed ;
Its covering gone, the lovely little head
Hung like a broken snowdrop all aside,
And one small hand ; the mother’s shawl was tied,
Leaving *that* free, about the child’s small form,
As was her last injunction, “ fast and warm :”
Too well obeyed—too fast ! A fatal hold
Afforded to the scrag, by a thick fold,
That caught and pinned her to the river’s bed ;
While, through the reckless water overhead,
Her life breath bubbled up.

"She might have lived,
 Struggling like Lizzy," was the thought that rived
 The wretched mother's heart when she heard all,
 "But for my foolishness about that shawl."
 "Who says I forgot?
 Mother, indeed, indeed I kept fast hold
 And tied the shawl quite close—she can't be cold;
 But she won't move—we slept, I don't know how,
 But I held on, and I'm so weary now,
 And it's so dark and cold! Oh dear! oh dear!—
 And she won't move—if father were but here!"
 All night long from side to side she turned,
 Piteously plaining like a wounded dove,
 With now and then the murmur, "She won't move;"
 And lo! when morning, as in mockery, bright
 Shone on that pillow—passing strange the sight—
The young head's raven hair was streaked with white!

CAROLINE A. SOUTHEY.

THE DEAD STUDENT.

IT DOESN'T seem—now does it, Jack?—as if poor Brown were dead
 'Twas only yesterday at noon he had to take his bed.
 The day before he played first base, and ran M'Farland down;
 And then, to slip away so sly,—'twas not at all like Brown.

The story seems too big to take. 'Most any one will find
 It's sometimes hard to get a man well laid out in his mind.
 And Brown was just afire with life. 'Twouldn't scare me, I avow,
 To hear a whoop, and see the man go rushing past here now.

Poor Brown! he's lying in his room, as white as drifted snow.
 I called upon him, as it were, an hour or two ago.
 A-rushing into Brownie's room seemed awkward-like and queer;
 We haven't spoken back and forth for something like a year.

We didn't pull together square a single night or day ;
Howe'er I went he soon contrived to find another way.
He ran against me in my loves : we picked a dozen bones
About that girl you used to like,—the one that married Jones.

He worked against me in the class, before my very eyes.
He opened up and scooped me square out of the Junior prize.
In the last campus rush we came to strictly business blows,
And from the eye he left undimmed I viewed his damaged nose.

In fact, I came at last to feel—and own it with dismay—
That life would be worth living for, if Brown were out the way.
But when I heard that he was dead, my feelings tacked ; and then
I would have given half my life to get him back again.

I called upon him, as it were, an hour or two ago.
The room was neat beyond excuse,—the woman made it so.
Be sure *he* had no hand in that, and naught about it knew.
To see the order lying round had made him very blue.

A sweet bouquet of girlish flowers smiled in the face of Death.
Straight through the open window came the morning's fragrant
breath.

Close-caged, a small canary-bird, with glossy, yellow throat,
Skipped dearly from perch to perch, and never sung a note.

With hair unusually combed, sat poor M'Farland near,
Alternately perusing Greek, and wrestling with a tear.
A homely little girl of six, for some old kindness' sake,
Was sobbing in the corner there as if her heart would break.

The books looked worn and wretched-like, almost as if they knew,
And seemed to be a-whispering their titles to my view.
His rod and gun were in their place : and high, where all might
see,

Gleamed jauntily the boating-cup he won last year from me.

I lifted up the solemn sheet. That honest, earnest face
Showed signs of culture and of toil that death could not erase.
As western skies at twilight mark where late the sun has been,
Brown's face revealed the mind and soul that once had burned
within.

He looked so grandly helpless there, upon that lonely bed !
 Oh, Jack ! these manly foes are foes no more when they are dead !
 " Old boy," I sobbed, "'twas half my fault. This heart makes
 late amends."

I took the white cold hands in mine,—and Brown and I were
 friends.

WILL CARLETON.

HER LETTER.

I'M SITTING alone by the fire,
 Dressed just as I came from the dance,
 In a robe even you would admire—
 It cost a cool thousand in France ;
 I'm be-diamonded out of all reason,
 My hair is done up in a cue :
 In short, sir, "the belle of the season"
 Is wasting an hour on you.

A dozen engagements I've broken ;
 I left in the midst of a set ;
 Likewise a proposal, half spoken,
 That waits—on the stairs—for me yet.
 They say he'll be rich—when he grows up—
 And then he adores me indeed.

And you, sir, are turning your nose up,
 Three thousand miles off, as you read,
 " And how do I like my position?"
 " And what do I think of New York?"
 " And now, in my higher ambition,
 With whom do I waltz, flirt, or talk?"
 " And isn't it nice to have riches,
 And diamonds and silks, and all that?"
 " And aren't a change to the ditches
 And tunnels of Poverty Flat?"

Well, yes—if you saw us out driving
Each day in the park, four-in-hand—
If you saw poor dear mamma contriving
To look supernaturally grand—
If you saw papa's picture, as taken
By Brady, and tinted at that—
You'd never suspect he sold bacon
And flour at Poverty Flat.

And yet, just this moment, when sitting
In the glare of the grand chandelier—
In the bustle and glitter befitting
The “finest *soiree* of the year,”—
In the mists of a *gauze de Chambéry*,
And the hum of the smallest of talk,
Somehow, Joe, I thought of the “Ferry,”
And the dance that we had on “The Fork;”

Of Harrison's barn, with its muster
Of flags festooned over the wall;
Of the candles that shed their soft lustre
And tallow on head-dress and shawl;
Of the steps that we took to one fiddle;
Of the dress of my queer *vis-a-vis*;
And how I once went down the middle
With the man that shot Sandy McGee;

Of the moon that was quietly sleeping
On the hill, when the time came to go;
Of the few baby peaks that were peeping
From under their bedclothes of snow;
Of that ride—that to me was the rarest;
Of—the something you said at the gate—
Ah, Joe, then I wasn't an heiress
To “the best-paying lead in the State.”

Well, well, it's all past; yet it's funny
To think as I stood in the glare
Of fashion and beauty and money,
That I should be thinking, right there,

Of some one who breasted high water,
 And swam the North Fork, and all that,
 Just to dance with old Folinsbee's daughter,
 The Lily of Poverty Flat.

But goodness ! what nonsense I'm writing !
 (Mamma says my taste still is low,)
 Instead of my triumphs reciting,
 I'm spooning Joseph—heigh-ho !
 And I'm to be “finished” by travel—
 Whatever's the meaning of that—
 Oh ! why did papa strike pay gravel
 In drifting on Poverty Flat ?

Good night—here's the end of my paper ;
 Good night—if the longitude please—
 For maybe, while wasting my taper,
Your sun's climbing over the trees.
 But know, if you haven't got riches,
 And are poor, dearest Joe, and all that,
 That my heart's somewhere there in the ditches,
 And you've struck it on Poverty Flat.

BRET HARTE.

ENGAGED.

I'VE sat at her feet by the hour
 In the properly worshipful way ;
 I've carried her many a flower ;
 I've read to her many a lay ;
 Social battles with friend and with lover
 For her sake I often have waged ;
 And now, from her lips, I discover
 That she—oh ! that she is engaged,

One season we led in the German,
And one we were partners at whist,
On Sundays we heard the same sermon,
The opera never once missed ;
We were generally winners at tennis,
Our skill at the target was gauged,
But a difference between now and then is,
For now she—for now she's engaged.

I have carried a parasol o'er her,
When we strolled in the deep-shaded grove,
Whole minutes I've dallied before her,
Assisting to button her glove ;
As she sprang to the saddle my fingers
Her wee foot a moment have caged,
And the thrill in my pulses still lingers
Though now she—though now she's engaged.

Does she ever live over, I wonder,
The night that we sat in the cove,
One shawl wrapped about us, while thunder
And windstorms and hail raged above ?
How, trembling, she hid her white face on
My shoulder, and how I assuaged
Her fears by the story of Jason—
Does she think of all that when engaged ?

On my walls hang her many mementos ;
That cathedral she sketched me in Rome ;
It was after my camp-life she sent those
Silk slippers to welcome me home ;
I've the letters she wrote me at college
In a book all assorted and paged—
How delightful to read with the knowledge
That now she—yes—now she's engaged.

I am going to call there to-morrow ;
In her joy she will greet her old friend
Without even a shadow of sorrow
That the friendship has come to an end ;

And close in my arms I will fold her,
 No matter for papa enraged,
 Shall his wrath from me longer withhold her
 When to me—'tis to me she's engaged ?



OLD JACK IN THE WELL.



FOR twenty years old Jack Baldwin had cultivated the soil and drawn therefrom a support for himself and wife. Not long since Jack left his house in search of a missing cow. His route led him through an old worn-out piece of clay-land of about six acres in extent, in the center of which was a well about thirty feet deep, that at some time had probably furnished the inmates of a dilapidated house near by with water. In passing the spot an ill wind drifted Jack's hat from his head and maliciously wafted it to the edge of the well, and it tumbled in. Now, Jack had always practiced the virtue of economy, and he immediately set about recovering his hat. He ran to the well, and finding it was dry at the bottom, he unrolled the rope which he had brought for the purpose of capturing the cow, and, after several attempts to catch the hat with a noose, he concluded to save time by going down into the well himself. To accomplish this he made fast one end of the rope to a stump hard by, and was soon on his way down into the well.

It was a fact of which Jack was not aware, that a mischievous fellow, Neal Willis, was in the old building and saw Jack go down into the well, and it so happened that Jack's old blind horse was near by with a bell on his neck. Some wicked spirit put it into Neal's head to have a little fun ; so he slipped up to the old horse, unbuckled the strap, and approached the well with the bell in his hand—ting-a-ling. Jack thought the old horse was coming, and said in an audible tone, " Hang the old blind horse ; he's comin' this way, sure, and he ain't got no more sense than to fall in here on me—wo, Ball ! " But the sound of the bell came closer, and

Jack was resting at the bottom of the well. "Great Jerusalem!" said Jack, "the old blind fool will be right on top of me in a minit—wo, Ball—wo, haw, Ball!" Just then Neal got close to the well and kicked a little dirt on Jack's head. Jack thought Ball was about to come, got close to the side of the well and began to pray: "O Lord, have mercy on—wo, Ball—a poor sinner, I'm gone now—wo, Ball—Our Father who art in—wo, Ball—heaven, hallowed be thy—jee! Ball, jee! what'll I do?—name. Now I lay me down to sl—jee, Ball, out of your livers! (Just then in fell more dirt.) Back, Ball; O Lord, if you ever intend to do anything for me—back, Ball, wo, ho—Thy kingdom come—jee, Ball—O Lord, you know I was baptized in Smith's mill dam—wo, Ball, hol'up! murder! wo—farewell—"

Neal could hold in no longer and showed himself at the top of the well, with a big hoarse laugh which might have been heard two miles off. This was more than Jack could bear, and he started up the rope like a monkey. "Blame your pictur', I'll give you fits; I'll make your ears ring worse 'an that bell." Neal took to his heels and ran like a quarter horse, and the last that was seen of him he was half a mile from the well, with two big dogs grabbing at his coat and Jack close behind him.

THE FORECLOSURE OF THE MORTGAGE.

WALK right in the settin'-room, Deacon; it's all in a muddle, you see,

But I hadn't no heart to right it, so I've jest let everything be. Besides, I'm a-going to-morrer—I calk'late to start with the dawn—And the house won't seem so home-like if it's all upshot and forlorn. I sent off the children this mornin': they both on em' begged to stay,

But I thought 'twould be easier, mebbe, if I was alone to-day. For this was the very day, Deacon, jest twenty year ago, That Caleb and me moved in; so I couldn't forgit it, you know.

We was so busy and happy ! we'd ben married a month before—
And Caleb *would* clear the table and brush up the kitchen floor.
He said I was tired, and he'd help me ; but, law ! that was always
his way—

Always handy and helpful, and kind, to the very last day.
Don't you remember, Deacon, that winter I broke my arm ?
Why, Caleb skursely left me, not even to 'tend to the farm.
There night and mornin' I saw him, a-settin' so close to my bed,
And I knew him in spite of the fever that made me so wild in my
head.

He never did nothin' to grieve me, until he left me behind—
Yes, I know, there's no use in talkin', but somehow it eases my
mind.

And he sot such store by *you*, Deacon, I needn't tell you now,
But unless he had your jedgment, he never would buy a cow.
Well, our cows is gone, and the horse, too—poor Caleb was fond
of Jack,
And I cried like a fool this mornin' when I looked at the empty
rack.

I hope he'll be kindly treated : 'twould worry poor Caleb so
If them Joneses should whip the cretur—but I s'pose he ain't like
to know.

I've ben thinkin' it over lately, that when Mary sickened and died,
Her father's sperrit was broken, for she was allus his pride.
He wasn't never so cheery ; he'd smile, but the smile wa'n't bright,
And he didn't care for the cattle, though once they'd been his
delight.

The neighbors all said he was ailin', and they tried to hint it to me ;
They talked of a church-yard cough ; but, oh ! the blind are those
who *won't* see.

I never believed he was goin' till I saw him a-layin' here dead—
There, there ! don't be anxious, Deacon ; I haven't no tears to shed.
I've tried to keep things together—I've ben slavin' early and
late—

But I couldn't pay the int'rest, nor git the farm work straight.
So of course I've gone behindhand, and if the farm should sell
For enough to pay the mortgage, I s'pose 'twill be doin' well.
I've prayed ag'inst all hard feelin's, and to walk as a Christian
ought,

But it's hard to see Caleb's children turned out of the place he
bought ;

And readin' that text in the Bible, 'bout widows and orphans, you
know,

I can't think the folks will prosper who are willin' to see us go.

But there ! I'm a-keepin' you, Deacon, and it's nigh your time for
tea.

"*Won't I come over ?*" No, thank you ; I feel better alone, you
see.

Besides, I couldn't eat nothin' ; whenever I've tried it to-day
There's somethin' here that chokes me. I'm narvous, I s'pose
you'll say.

"I've worked too hard?" No, I haven't. Why, it's work that
keeps me strong ;

If I sot here thinkin', I'm sartain my heart would break before
long.

Not that I care about livin'. I'd ruther be laid away
In the place I've marked beside Caleb, to rest till the judgment day.
But ther's the children to think of—that makes my dooty clear,
And I'll try to foller it, Deacon, though I'm tired of this earthly
speer.

Good-by, then I shan't forgit you, nor all the kindness you've
showed ;

'Twill help to cheer me to-morrer, as I go on my lonely road,
For— What are you sayin', Deacon? I needn't—I needn't go?
You've bought the mortgage, and I can stay? Stop! say it over
slow.

Jest wait now—jest wait a minute—I'll take it in bime-by
That I can stay. Why, Deacon, I don't know what makes me cry !
I haven't no words to thank you. Ef Caleb was only here,
He'd sech a head for speakin', he'd make my feelin's clear.
There's a picter in our old Bible of an angel from the skies,
And though he hasn't no great-coat, and no spectacles on his eyes,
He looks jest like you, Deacon, with your smile so good, and true,
And when ever I see that picter, 'twill make me think of you.
The children will be so happy ! Why, Debby will most go wild ;
She fretted so much at leavin' her garding behind, poor child !
And, law ! I'm as glad as Debby, ef only for jest one thing—
Now I can tend the posies I planted there last spring

On Caleb's grave: he loved the flowers, and it seems as if he'll
know

'They're a-bloomin' all around him while he's sleepin' there below.

MRS. E. T. CORBETT

NEXT MORNING.

TEN o'clock! Well, I'm sure I can't help it!

I'm up—go away from the door!

Now, children, I'll speak to your mother

If you pound there like that any more.

How tired I do feel!—Where's that cushion?

I don't want to move from this chair;

I wish Marie'd make her appearance!

I really *can't* do my own hair.

I wish I'd not danced quite so often—

I knew I'd feel tired! but it's hard

To refuse a magnificent dancer

If you have a place left on your card.

I was silly to wear that green satin.

It's a shame that I've spotted it so—

All down the front breadth—it's just ruined—

No trimming will hide that, I know.

That's me! Have a costume imported,

And spoil it the very first night!

I might make an overskirt of it,

That shade looks so lovely with white.

How horrid my eyes look! Good gracious!

I hope that I didn't catch cold

Sitting out on the stairs with Will Stacy;

If ma knew that, wouldn't she scold!

She says he's so fast—well, who isn't?

Dear! where is Marie?—how it rains!—

I don't care: he's real nice and handsome,

And his talk sounds as if he'd some brains.

I do wonder what *is* the reason,

That good men are all like Joe Price,

So poky, and stiff, and conceited,
And fast ones are always so nice.
Just see how Joe acted last evening !
He didn't come near me at all,
Because I danced twice with Will Stacy
That night at the charity ball.
I didn't care two pins to do it ;
But Joe said I musn't—and so—
I just did—he isn't my master,
Nor shan't be, I'd like him to know.
I don't think he looked at me even,
Though just to please him I wore green,
And I'd saved him three elegant dances,
I wouldn't have acted so mean.
The way he went on with Nell Hadley ;
Dear me ! just as if I would care !
I'd like to see those two get married,
They'd make a congenial pair !
I'm getting disgusted with parties ;
I think I shall stop going out ;
What's the use of this fussing for people
I don't care the least bit about.
I *did* think that Joe had some sense once
But, my, he's just like all the men !
And the way that I've gone on about him—
Just see if I do it again ;
Only wait till the next time I see him,
I'll pay him back ; won't I be cool !
I've a good mind to drop him completely—
I'll—yes I will—go back to school.
The bell ! who can that be, I wonder !—
Let's see—I declare ! why, it's Joe !
How long they are keeping him waiting !
Good gracious ! why don't the girl go !
Yes—say I'll be down in a minute—
Quick, Marie, and do up my hair !—
Not that bow—the green one—Joe likes it—
How slow you are—I'll pin it—there !

A SIMILAR CASE.

JACK, I hear you've gone and done it.
 Yes, I know ; most fellows will ;
 Went and tried it once myself, sir,
 Though, you see, I'm single still.
 And you met her—did you tell me ?
 Down at Newport, last July,
 And resolved to ask the question
 At a soiree ? So did I.

I suppose you left the ball-room
 With its music and its light ;
 For they say love's flame is brightest
 In the darkness of the night.
 Well, you walked along together—
 Overhead the starlit sky,
 And I'll bet—old man, confess it—
 You were frightened. So was I.

So you strolled along the terrace,
 Saw the summer moonlight pour
 All its radiance on the waters
 As they rippled on the shore ;
 Till at length you gathered courage,
 When you saw that none were nigh—
 Did you draw her close and tell her
 That you loved her ? So did I.

Well, I needn't ask you further,
 And I'm sure I wish you joy ;
 Think I'll wander down and see you
 When you're married—eh, my boy ?
 When the honeymoon is over,
 And you're settled down, we'll try —
 What ? The dence you say ! Rejected,
 You rejected ? So was I.

THE PRIDE OF BATTERY B.

SOUTH MOUNTAIN towered upon our right, far off the river lay,
And over on the wooded height we held their lives at bay.
At last the muttering guns were still ; the day died slow and wan ;
At last the gunners pipes did fill, the sergeant's yarns began.
When, as the wind a moment blew aside the fragrant flood
Our brierwoods raised, within our view a little maiden stood.
A tiny tot of six or seven, from fireside fresh she seemed.
(Of such a little one in heaven one soldier often dreamed)
And as we stared, her little hand went to her curly head
In grave salute. "And who are *you*?" at length the sergeant said,
"And where's your home?" he growled again. She lisped out,
"Who is me?"

Why, don't you know? I'm little Jane, the Pride of Battery B.
My home? Why, that was burned away, and pa and ma are dead;
And so I ride the guns all day along with Sergeant Ned.
And I've a drum that's not a toy, a cap with feathers, too ;
And I march beside the drummer boy on Sundays at review.
But now our 'bacca's all give out, the men can't have their smoke,
And so they're cross—why, even Ned won't play with me and joke.
And the big colonel said to-day—I hate to hear him swear—
He'd give a leg for a good pipe like the Yank had over there.
And so I thought when beat the drum, and the big guns were still,
I'd creep beneath the tent and come out here across the hill
And beg, good Mister Yankee men, you'd give me some 'Lone Jack.'
Please do: when we get some again, I'll surely bring it back,
Indeed I will, for Ned—says he—if I do what I say,
I'll be a general yet, maybe, and ride a prancing bay."

We brimed her tiny apron o'er ; you should have heard her laugh
As each man from his scanty store shook out a generous half.
To kiss the little mouth stooped down a score of grimy men,
Until the sergeant's husky voice said, "'Tention squad!" and then
We gave her escort, till good-night the pretty waif we bid,
And watched her toddle out of sight—or else 'twas tears that hid

Her tiny form—nor turned about a man, nor spoke a word
Till after awhile a far, hoarse shout upon the wind we heard !
We sent it back, then cast sad eyes upon the scene around ;
A baby's hand had touched the ties that brothers once had bound.

That's all—save when the dawn awoke again the work of hell,
And through the sullen clouds of smoke the screaming missiles fell,
Our general often rubbed his glass, and marveled much to see
Not a single shell that whole day fell in the camp of Battery B.
F. H. GASSAWAY.

OUR MINISTER'S SERMON.

THE minister said last night, says he,
 'Don't be afraid of givin';
If your life ain't nothin' to other folks,
 Why, what's the use of livin' ?'
And that's what I say to my wife, says I,
 There's Brown, the mis'erable sinner,
He'd sooner a beggar would starve than give
 A cent toward buyin' a dinner.

I tell you our minister's prime, he is,
 But I couldn't quite determine,
When I heard him a-givin' it right and left,
 Just who was hit by his sermon.
Of course there couldn't be no mistake
 When he talked of long-winded prayin',
For Peters and Johnson they sot and scowled
 At every word he was sayin'.

And the minister he went on to say
 'There's various kinds of cheatin',
And religion's as good for every day
 As it is to bring to meetin';

I don't think much of a man that gives
The loud amens at my preachin',
And spends his time the followin' week
In cheatin'-and overreachin'.'

I guess that dose was bitter enough
For a man like Jones to swaller ;
But I noticed he didn't open his mouth
Not once, after that, holler.
Hurrah, says I, for the minister—
Of course I said it quiet—
Give us some more of this open talk ;
It's very refreshing diet.

The minister hit 'em every time ;
And when he spoke of fashion,
And riggin' out in bows and things,
As woman's rulin' passion,
And a-comin' to church to see the styles,
I couldn't help a-winkin'
And a-nudgin' my wife, and, says I, "That's you,"
And I guess it sot her thinkin'.

Says I to myself, that sermon's pat ;
But a man is a queer creation,
And I'm much afraid that most of the folks
Won't take the application.
Now if he had said a word about
My personal mode of sinin',
I'd have gone to work to right myself,
And not set here a-grinnin'.

Just then the minister says, says he,
"And now I've come to the fellers
Who've lost this shower by using their friends
As sort o' moral umbrellas.
Go home," says he, "and find your faults,
Instead of huntin' your brothers'.
Go home," he says, "and wear the coats
You've tried to fit for others."

My wife she nudged, and Brown he winked,
 And there was lots o' smilin'
 And lots of lookin' at our pew ;
 It sot my blood a-bilin'.
 Says I to myself, our minister
 Is gettin' a little bitter ;
 I'll tell him when meetin's out that I
 Ain't that kind of a critter.

LABOR.

PAUSE not to dream of the future before us,
 Pause not to weep the wild cares that come o'er us ;
 Hark how Creation's deep musical chorus
 Unintermitting goes up into heaven !
 Never the ocean-wave stops in its flowing ;
 Never the little seed stops in its growing ;
 More and more richly the rose-heart keeps glowing
 Till from its nourishing stem it is riven.

" Labor is worship !" the robin is singing :
 " Labor is worship !" the wild bee is ringing :
 Listen ! that eloquent whisper upspringing
 Speaks to thy soul from out nature's great heart.
 From the dark cloud flows the life-giving shower :
 From the rough sod blows the soft-breathing flower ;
 From the small insect the rich coral bower ;
 Only man, in the plan, ever shrinks from his part.

Labor is life ! 'Tis the still water faileth ;
 Idleness ever despaireth, bewaileth ;
 Keep the watch wound, for the dark rust assaileth ;
 Flowers droop and die in the stillness of noon.

Labor is glory! the flying cloud lightens ;
Only the waving wings changes and brightens ;
Idle hearts only the dark future frightens ;
Play the sweet keys wouldst thou keep them in tune !

Labor is rest from the sorrows that greet us ;
Rest from all petty vexations that meet us ;
Rest from the sin-promptings that ever entreat us ;
Rest from the world-sirens that lure us to ill.
Work—and pure slumbers shall wait on thy pillow ;
Work—thou shalt ride over care's coming billow !
Lie not down wearied 'neath woe's weeping willow !
Work with a stout heart and resolute will.

Labor is health ! Lo ! the husbandman reaping,
How through his veins goes the life-current leaping !
How his strong arm, in its stalwart pride sweeping,
True as a sunbeam the swift sickle guides !
Labor is wealth—in the sea the pearl groweth ;
Rich the queen's robe from the frail cocoon floweth ;
From the fine acorn the strong forest bloweth ;
Temple and statue the marble block hides.

Droop not, though shame, sin and anguish are round thee,
Bravely fling off the cold chain that hath bound thee ;
Look to yon pure heaven smiling beyond thee ;
Rest not content in thy darkness—a clod !
Work for some good, be it ever so slowly !
Cherish some flower, be it ever so lowly ;
Labor—all labor is noble and holy ;
Let thy great deeds be thy prayer to thy God.

MRS. FRANCES S. OSGOOD.

APPENDIX.

PHYSIOGNOMY OF THE VOICE.

THE ability to utter sounds is not confined to man alone ; many creatures share this power with him, and each special and peculiar sound has, generally, its characteristic designation. Thus we say, the dog barks, the horse neighs, the sparrow chirps, the owl hoots, the duck quacks, the pig grunts, the lion roars ; we speak of the buzzing of insects, the gabbling of geese, the croaking of frogs.

To man alone, however, belongs the full power of complete expression through the voice—of speech—of imitation. But, whatever may be his aptitude for imitation, his study, his perseverance, he never can succeed in completely changing its character. The natural individuality of the voice will still be apparent. We see this illustrated in persons of different temperaments : each man possessing a peculiar tone or timbre of voice equally as indicative of character as each feature of the face.

This timbre or quality of tone may be appropriately termed the *physiognomy of the voice*, or, in other words, the revelation through sound of the inner man. Socrates divined the quality of a man's mind or soul by the tone of his voice. This great philosopher, on one occasion, beautifully and eloquently exclaimed, "Speak, that I may see you !"

We often see in a stutterer one that is easily enraged, and as easily pacified, vain, officious, inconstant and ordinarily quick.

A person whose utterance is thick and coarse is malicious, cunning, and disdainful.

A coarse voice indicates a robust physique, a great talker, quick-tempered, though conspicuously discreet.

A piercing, fine, or weak voice is indicative of timidity, cunning, and generally of quick wit. An attractive and clear voice expresses a man who is prudent, sincere, and ingenuous, but proud and incredulous ; whereas a firm voice, without harshness, denotes a person who is robust, intelligent, circumspect, and benevolent.

A man possessing a trembling and hesitating voice is timid, weak, vain, and sometimes jealous.

A voice combining great sound and firmness indicates a man who is strong, audacious, rash, obstinate, and self-important.

A sharp and rude voice, in singing as well as in conversation, denotes a coarse mind, inferior judgment, and strong appetites.

A hoarse voice, seemingly the effect of a cold, signifies a person more simple than wise, credulous and untruthful, vain and inconstant.

A full and sweet voice denotes a man who is peaceful, inclined to timidity, discreet, and self-willed.

A voice at first grave and then sharp and piercing denotes the quick temper of an impetuous, arrogant, impudent man.

A soft, sweet voice is found in a person of a peaceable, ingenious, penetrating, and subtle character.

Each passion has also a tone of voice which distinguishes it. For example: Anger is expressed by a sharp, animated and frequently interrupted voice.

Fear, by a submissive, uncertain, and troubled voice.

Indignation, by a hard, terrible, and impetuous tone.

Grief, by a moaning, pitiful, and sobbing utterance.

Love, by a sweet, tender voice, interrupted by sighs.

There are likewise as many inflections of voice as there are shades of sentiment, all susceptible of combination, but the timbre is always in keeping with the character of each individual.

Therefore an enraged man has a blunt, unsteady voice, while a mild man is gifted with a voice analogous to his character.

A serious and pensive man speaks seldom, his tone is grave, his utterance being measured by the signification of his words.

The thoughtless and inconstant person prattles unceasingly, and is continually changing his tone and the theme of conversation.

A man of bilious temperament utters his words briefly and rapidly; the words of a man of nervous temperament are sometimes uttered with extravagant rapidity.

A phlegmatic person, on the contrary, expresses himself slowly and sometimes in a drawling tone.

The voice accompanying the sanguine temperament is clear, sonorous, light, and petulant.

Fine development of the vocal organs is usually found in a person of sound physical organization.

The voice of a melancholy person is dry, sepulchral, and deeply impressive.

The naturally good man, for instance the philanthropist, expresses himself in a sweet, enticing voice. The reverse is observed in a naturally bad man ; his voice is dry, harsh, and disagreeable.

The presumptuous individual expresses himself in a boasting tone, is sarcastic and derisive ; always wishing to produce an effect and to eclipse others.

A modest man is simple and measured in his language.

The hypocrite is always false ; under the mask of sincerity he seeks to entrap by his dangerous insinuations.

The flatterer is known by his soft and honeyed speech, by the elastic yielding of his language, adapting it to all forms, and reflecting all shades of thought.

An idiot emits a heavy, drawling sound, without any harmonious inflections.

The man of genius is known by his quick and powerful accentuation. The enthusiasm which boils in his heart comes burning to his lips, and finds vent in his words ; his eloquent and brilliant diction seizes and sways his hearers, and they are carried away by his eloquence.

Man can, to a certain extent, apparently change his voice ; but, no matter how faithfully he may persevere, he never can effect a complete change. For instance, two persons, a man and a woman, being constantly together, may assume the same intonation in ordinary conversation ; this will quickly disappear under the influence of anger or other strong emotions, and each will assume his or her timbre or peculiar tone of voice.

From Durant's "Hygiene of the Voice."

EMPHASIS.

APPROPRIATE emphasis constitutes the highest skill in vocal expression.

A sentence is usually composed of a capital idea, subordinate or dependent ideas, and their connections.

1. The leading idea in a sentence is almost invariably the *new*

idea, and on the word expressing the new idea, whatever its grammatical value, the emphasis falls.

2. Words used in contrast to a preceding term are emphatic in a stronger degree.

3. Words contrasted with something not expressed are emphatic in the strongest degree.

4. Words which are of necessity implied, or whose meaning has been conveyed by some preceding expression, explanatory, and repeated terms, are usually not emphatic.

5. Words suggesting a special, in opposition to their ordinary, meaning are emphatic.

EXAMPLES.

LINES ON THE BURIAL OF SIR JOHN MOORE.

“ Not a *drum* was heard, not a funeral *note*,
As his corpse to the *ramparts* we hurried.”

“ Not a soldier discharged his farewell *shot*
O’er the grave where our hero was buried.”

“ We buried him darkly at dead of *night*,
The sods with our *bayonets* turning.”

“ By the struggling *moonbeam*’s misty light,
And the *lantern* dimly burning.”

“ No useless *coffin* enclosed his breast ;
Not in sheet nor in *shroud* we wound him ;”

“ But he lay like a warrior taking his *rest*,
With his martial *cloak* around him.

“ *Few* and *short* were the *prayers* we said,
And we spoke not a word of *sorrow*.”

“ But we steadfastly *gazed* on the face of the dead,
And we *bitterly* thought of the *morrow*.”

“ We thought as we hollowed his narrow bed,
And smoothed down his lonely pillow,
That the foe and the stranger would *tread* o’er his head,
And *we far away* on the billow.”

“ But *half* of our heavy task was done
When the clock struck the hour for *retiring*.”

“ And we heard the distant and random *gun*
That the *foe* was suddenly firing.”

“ *Slowly* and *sadly* we laid him down
From the field of his fame, fresh and *gory*.”

“ We carved not a *line*, and we raised not a *stone*,
But we left him *alone* with his *glory*.”

“ *Lightly* they'll talk of the spirit that's gone,
And o'er his cold ashes *upbraid* him;
But *nothing* he'll reck if they let him sleep on
In the grave where a *Briton* has laid him.”

From Bell's Elocution.

It is *almost* as difficult to make a man unlearn his *errors* as his knowledge. Mal-information is more *hopeless* than *non-information*; for error is always more *busy* than ignorance. Ignorance is a *blank* sheet, on which we may write; but error is a *scribbled* one, from which we must first *erase*. Ignorance is contented to stand *still* with her back to the truth; but error is more presumptuous, and proceeds in the backward direction. Ignorance has *no* light, but error follows a *false* one: the consequence is, that error, when she retraces her footsteps, has *farther* to go before she can arrive at the truth than ignorance.

It is not good to *speak* evil of all whom we *know* bad; it is worse to *judge* evil of any who may prove *good*. To speak ill upon *knowledge* shows a want of *charity*; to speak ill upon *suspicion* shows a want of *honesty*. To know evil of others, and *not* speak it, is sometimes *discretion*; to speak evil of others, and *not know* it, is *always* dishonesty. He may be *evil* himself who speaks good of others upon knowledge, but he can *never* be good himself who speaks evil of others upon suspicion.

Warwick.

At *thirty*, man *suspects* himself a *fool*;
Knows it at *forty*, and reforms his *plan*;
At *fifty*, *chides* his infamous delay,—
Pushes his prudent purpose to *resolve*;

In all the magnanimity of *thought*,
Resolves and *re-resolves*, then *dies* the same.

Shakespeare.

Like to the falling of a *star*,
 Or as the flights of *eagles* are,—
 Or like the fresh *spring's* gaudy hue,
 Or silver drops of morning *dew* ;
 Or like a *wind* that chafes the flood,
 Or *bubbles* which on water stood :
Even such is *man*, whose borrowed light
 Is straight called *in*, and paid to night :—
 The wind blows *out*, the bubble dies,
 The spring entombed in *Autumn* lies.—
 The dew's *dried up*, the star is *shot*,
 The flight is *past*, and man *forgot*.

True *wit* is Nature to advantage *dressed*.
 What oft was thought, but ne'er so *well* expressed ;
 Something whose truth, convinced at *sight*, we find,
 That gives us back the image of *our* mind.
 As *shades* more sweetly recommend the *light*,
 So modest *plainness* sets off sprightly wit.
 For works may have more wit than does them *good*,
 As *bodies* perish through excess of *blood*.

Pope.

The quality of *mercy* is not *strain'd* ;
 It droppeth, as the gentle *rain* from heaven
 Upon the place beneath : It is *twice* bless'd ;—
 It blesseth him that *gives*, and him that takes :
 'Tis mightiest in the *mightiest* ; it becomes
 The throned monarch better than his *crown* :
 His sceptre shows the force of *temporal* power,—
 The attribute to awe and majesty,
 Therein doth sit the dread and *fear* of kings ;—
 But mercy is *above* this scepter'd sway ;
 It is enthroned in the *hearts* of kings :
 It is an attribute of *God* himself :
 And earthly power doth then show likest God's
 When mercy *seasons* justice.

Shakespeare.

Let me have men about me that are *fat* ;
Sleek-headed men, and such as *sleep* o' nights :
Yond' *Cassius* has a lean and *hungry* look ;
He *thinks* too much ;—such men are *dangerous*.
'Would he were fatter ! . . . But I *fear* him not,
Yet if my name were *liable* to fear,
I do not know the man I *should* avoid
So soon as that spare *Cassius*. He *reads* much ;
He is a great *observer*, and he looks
Quite *through* the deeds of men : he loves no *plays*,
As thou dost, *Antony* ; he hears no *music* :
Seldom he *smiles* : and smiles in such a sort,
As if he *mock'd* himself,—and scorn'd his spirit
That could be mov'd to smile at *any* thing.
Such men as he—be never at heart's ease
While they behold a *greater* than themselves ;
And therefore are they *very* dangerous.
I rather tell thee what *is* to be fear'd,
Than what *I* fear ; for always I am *Cæsar*.
Come on my *right* hand,—for this ear is deaf,—
And tell me truly what *thou* think'st of him.

Shakespeare.

RECREATIONS IN ARTICULATION.

1. THE old cold scold sold a school coal-scuttle.
2. Amos Ames, the amiable æronaut, aided in an aerial enterprise at the age of eighty-eight.
3. Thou reason'dst falsely, harden'dst thine heart, smother'dst the light of thine understanding, hearken'dst to the words of lying lips, and doom'dst thyself to misery.
4. She says she shall sew a sheet.
5. A rural ruler, truly rural.
6. Five wise wives weave withered withes.
7. Summer showers and soft sunshine shed sweet influence on spreading shrubs and shooting seeds.
8. Some shun sun-shine ; do you shun sun-shine ?
9. She sells sea-shells ; shall he sell sea-shells ?
10. Thrice six thick thistle sticks thrust straight through three throbbing thrushes.

11. He spoke reasonably, philosophically, disinterestedly, and yet particularly, of the unceremoniousness of their communicability, and peremptorily, authoritatively, unhesitatingly declared it to be wholly inexplicable.

12. Theophilus Thistle, the successful thistle sifter, in sifting a sieve full of unsifted thistles, thrust three thousand thistles through the thick of his thumb. Now, if Theophilus Thistle, the successful thistle sifter, in sifting a sieve full of unsifted thistles thrust three thousand thistles through the thick of his thumb, see that thou, in sifting a sieve full of unsifted thistles, thrust not three thousand thistles through the thick of thy thumb. Success to the successful thistle sifter.

13. Amidst the mists and coldest frosts,
 With stoutest wrists and loudest boasts,
 He thrusts his fists against the posts,
 And still insists he sees the ghosts.

EXERCISES IN ELOCUTION

SELECTIONS USED AT THE NEW YORK SCHOOL OF ACTING.

- 1 All art must be preceded by a certain mechanical expertness.
Goethe.
- 2 How soft the music of those village bells,
 Falling at intervals upon the ear
 In cadence sweet ! now dying all away,
 Now pealing loud again, and louder still,
 Clear and sonorous, as the gale comes on. —*Cowper.*
- 3 KING HENRY. Send us your prisoners, or you'll hear of it. [Exit]
 HOTSPUR. And if the devil come and roar for them,
 I will not send them ; I will after straight,
 And tell him so ; for I will ease my heart,
 Although it be with hazard of my head.
- NORTHUMBERLAND. What! drunk with choler? Stay and pause
 awhile. —*Shakespeare.*
- 4 On a sudden, open fly,
 With impetuous recoil and jarring sounds,
 The infernal gates, and on their hinges grate
 Harsh thunder.
 Heaven opened wide
 Her ever during gates, harmonious sound
 On golden hinges turning. *Milton.*

CINNA. Liberty! Freedom! Tyranny is dead!
Run hence! proclaim, cry it about the streets!

CASSIUS. Some to the common pulpits! and cry out,
Liberty, freedom, and enfranchisement! *Shakespeare.*

6 Thou who wearest that cunning, heaven-made organ, a tongue,
think well of this: Speak not, I passionately entreat thee, till thy
thought have silently matured itself, till thou have other than mad and
mad making noises to emit; hold thy tongue till *some meaning lie be-*
hind, to set it wagging. *Carlyle.*

7 I shall look only for truth—bare, clear, downright statement of
facts; showing in each particular, as far as I am able, what the truth of
nature is, and then seeking for the plain expression of it, and for that
alone. *Ruskin.*

8 Aristotle hath written a book of rhetoric, a work in my opinion not
inferior to his best pieces, whom, therefore, with Cicero de Oratore, as
also Quintilian, you may read for your instruction how to speak; neither
of which two yet I can think so exact in their orations but that a middle
style will be of more efficacy; Cicero, in my opinion, being too long and
tedious; Quintilian, too short and concise. *—Lord Herbert*

9 LEECH. But you don't laugh, Coldstream! Come man be amused
for once in your life! you don't laugh.

COLDSTREAM. O, yes I do; you mistake; I laughed twice, distinctly
—only, the fact is, I am bored to death.

LEECH. Bored? *—Mathews.*

10 SIR PETER. Very well, ma'am, very well —so a husband is to
have no influence, no authority?

LADY TEAZLE. Authority! No, to be sure; if you wanted authority
over me you should have adopted me, and not married me; I am sure
you were old enough. *—Sheridan.*

11 And all went merry as a marriage bell;
But hush! hark! a deep sound strikes like a rousing knell.
Did ye not hear it? *—Byron.*

12 He is a very serpent in my way,
And whereso'er this foot of mine doth tread
He lies before me. *—Shakespeare.*

13 Hear the sledges with the bells—
Silver bells!
Hear the mellow wedding bells—
Golden bells!
Hear the loud alarm bells—
Brazen bells!
Hear the tolling of the bells—
Iron bells! *—Poe.*

14 Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying.
And answer, echoes, answer, dying, dying, dying.
—Tennyson

15 PORTIA. Do you confess the bond ?

ANTONIO. I do.

PORTIA. Then must the Jew be merciful.

SHYLOCK. On what compulsion must I ? Tell me that.

PORTIA. The quality of mercy is not strained ;
It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven
Upon the place beneath ; it is twice blessed ;
It blesseth him that gives and him that takes.

—*Shakespeare.*

16 Flushed was his face and distorted with passion, and wildly he shouted—

“Down with the Tyrants of England.”

More he fain would have said, but the merciless hand of a soldier
Smote him upon the mouth, and dragged him down to the pavement.

—*Longfellow.*

17 But I hear it rung continually in my ears, now and formerly : “The preamble ! what will become of the preamble if you repeal this tax ?” The clerk will be so good as to turn to this act, and to read this favorite preamble.

“Whereas, it is expedient that a revenue should be raised in your Majesty’s dominions in America, for making a more certain and adequate provision for defraying the expenses of defending, protecting, and securing the said dominions.”

You have heard this pompous performance. Now, where is the revenue which is to do all these mighty things ? Five-sixths repealed—abandoned—sunk—gone—lost forever.

—*Burke.*

18 O thou that rollest above, round as the shield of my fathers ! whence are thy beams, O sun ! thy everlasting light ?

—*Ossian.*

19 The young lambs are playing in the meadows,
But the young, young children, O my brothers !

—*Mrs. Browning.*

20 Admire, exult, despise, laugh, weep, for here
There is such matter for all feeling ;—Man !
Thou pendulum betwixt a smile and tear.

—*Byron.*

21 One speaker is more suited to set forth ideas, their connection, and their gradations. Such a one is made to teach and instruct. Another has a greater enjoyment of everything relating to the feeling, the affections, to soft or strong emotions. Such a one will be an orator rather than a professor, and will be better able to persuade by emotion than to convince by reason. A third delights in images and pictures. Such a one will be specially a descriptive speaker, and will rise almost to poetry in his prose. He will speak to the imagination of his hearers rather than to their heart and mind.

—*Bautain.*

22 Speak the speech, I pray you, as I pronounced it to you, trippingly on the tongue ; but if you mouth it, as many of your players do, I had as lief the town-crier spoke my lines. Nor do not saw the air too much with your hand, thus ; but use all gently ; for in the very torrent, tempest, and, as I may say, whirlwind, of your passion, you must acquire and beget a temperance that may give it smoothness. Be not too tame neither, but let your own discretion be your tutor ; suit the action to the word, the word to the action ; with this special observance, that you o’erstep not the modesty of nature ; for anything so overdone is from

the purpose of playing, whose end, both at the first and now, was, and is, to hold, as 'twere, the mirror up to nature; to show virtue her own feature, scorn her own image, and the very age and body of the time its form and pressure.

Shakespeare.

23 He said unto them, "Give place: for the maid is not dead, but sleepeth." And they laughed him to scorn.

But when the people were put forth, he went in, and took her by the hand, and the maid arose.

St. Matthew.

24 O Freedom, thou art not, as poets dream,
A fair young girl, with light and delicate limbs,
And wavy tresses, gushing from the cap
With which the Roman master crowned his slave
When he took off the gyves. A bearded man
Armed to the teeth, art thou; one mailed hand
Grasps the broad shield, and one the sword; thy brow,
Glorious with beauty though it be, is scarred
With tokens of old wars; thy massive limbs
Are strong with struggling.

Bryant.

25 The wreck had evidently drifted about for many months; clusters of shell-fish had fastened about it, and long sea-weeds flaunted at its sides. But where, thought I, are the crew? their struggle has long been over. They have gone down amidst the roar of the tempest. Their bones lie whitened among the caverns of the deep. Silence, oblivion, like the waves, have closed over them, and no one can tell the story of their end.

Irving.

26 Sir, I know the uncertainty of human affairs, but I see, I see clearly, through this day's business. You and I, indeed, may rue it. We may not live to the time when this declaration shall be made good. We may die; die colonists; die slaves; die, it may be, ignominiously, and on the scaffold. Be it so. Be it so. But whatever may be our fate, be assured, be assured that this declaration will stand. Through the thick gloom of the present, I see the brightness of the future as the sun in heaven. We shall make this a glorious, an immortal day.

Sir, before God, I believe the hour has come. My judgment approves this measure and my whole heart is in it. I leave off as I began, that live or die, survive or perish, I am for the declaration.

Webster.

27 When the performance was concluded, I had the felicity of a presentation and conversation with the two tall and scraggy Miss Pontos; and Miss Wirt, the governess, sat down to entertain us with variations on "Sich a gettin' up stairs." They were determined to be in the fashion.

Thackeray.

28 Here we drift, like the white sail across the wild ocean, now bright on the wave, now darkling in the trough of the sea; but from what port did we sail? Who knows? Or to what port are we bound? Who knows? There is no one to tell us but such poor, weather-tossed mariners as ourselves, whom we speak as we pass, or who have hoisted some signal, or floated to us some letter in a bottle from afar. But what know they more than we? They also found themselves on this wondrous sea. No; from the older sailors, nothing. Over all their speaking-trumpets, the gray sea and the loud winds answer: Not in us, not in time.

Emerson.

29 In the first place, what is art, and what do we understand by it, if not the interpretation of nature and of truth, more or less tinged by a peculiar light, which does not alter the proportions, but yet marks the salient features, heightens their colors, displays their fidelity to nature, so that our minds are more deeply and forcibly affected by them?

Coquelin.

30 "He the best player!" exclaimed Partridge, after seeing Garrick in Hamlet; "why, I could act as well as he myself. I am sure if I had seen a ghost, I should have looked in the same manner, and done just as he did. The king for my money; he speaks all his words distinctly, half as loud again as the others; anybody may see he is an actor."

Fielding.

31 It was about four o'clock when she drove to Lydgate's house in Lowick Gate, wishing, in her immediate doubt of finding him at home, that she had written beforehand. And he was not at home.

"Is Mrs. Lydgate at home?" said Dorothea, who had never, that she knew of, seen Rosamond, but now remembered the fact of the marriage. Yes, Mrs. Lydgate was at home.

"I will go in and speak to her, if she will allow me. Will you ask her if she can see me for a few minutes?"

Eliot.

32 We walked along the road and saw a white and hospitable-looking house. The door stood open, and a young mother sat and wept over her dying child. A small boy was standing by her side. The little one looked with cunning eyes at his mother, and opened the small hands in which he hid a little butterfly he had caught and brought with him; and the butterfly waved over the little corpse. The mother looked at it and smiled. She understood certainly the poetry of the incident.

33 "To arms! to arms! to arms!" they cry.

34 Have you heard of the *wonderful one-horse shay*?

35 Words are instruments of music; an ignorant man uses them for jargon; but when a master touches them they have unexpected life and soul.

36 And the wind whispered, "It is well!"

37 Earth, with her thousand voices, praises God.

38 O, it is excellent to have a giant's strength, but it is tyrannous to use it like a giant.

39 And his disciples asked him, saying, "Master, who did sin, this man or his parents, that he was born blind?"

40 Read as we talk? Yes; provided we talk well.

41 But look! the morn, in russet mantle clad,
Walks o'er the dew of yon high eastern hill.

